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THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

BUYING A FARM.

As there is always a great variety of farms for sale in different parts of New England, a person in search of one can usually find what is especially adapted to his wants, but purchasers of farms often permit some trifling circumstances to decide which farm shall be the chosen one. This is not right, for a transaction so important as that of purchasing a place which is to be the home of the farmer and his family as long as he lives, should not be hastily decided upon; but all of the circumstances which have any bearing upon the subject should be considered, and the most important should have the most weight.

Before starting out to purchase a farm three things should be considered. First, what line of farming is to be followed. Second, the location that the purchaser thinks will be most agreeable to him and his family. Third, what disposition is to be made of the money crops, whether they are to be sold at wholesale or retail. Having settled these questions the purchaser is in a better condition to decide correctly which farm is best adapted to his purpose. If his money crop is to be one that comes from the product of cattle, then he needs to select a farm that is naturally adapted to the growth of grass, so that he can produce hay with the least expenditure of labor and material possible, and keep his cattle during the warm season where there is a constant supply of good feed. If his money crop is to be small fruit, then he must select strong land that is free from stone, well underdrained and of a character to retain moisture during dry seasons. If his money crop is to be garden vegetables, a portion of the farm should be like that for small fruit, and a portion should be a warm, sandy loam, free from stones. If orchard is to be the business, a strong soil with a slope to the north should be selected, and if it is somewhat rocky it is no serious objection, but a somewhat sheltered location is desirable.

As different lines of farming require different soils, it is very evident that it is of the highest importance for the purchaser to first decide what he is to follow, or he will be very apt to make a mistake, as the mechanic would, if he should purchase a saw mill when he desired to manufacture confectionery.

Some lines of farming require a different market from others, therefore to get the right location requires a knowledge of what crops it is intended to sell. But important as all of these things are, there is one which is of more importance than all the others combined, which is a *healthy* location; for without health prosperity is difficult. The want of health causes quite as much unhappiness as does poverty.

A farm that otherwise is ever so favorable, if it is found that the dwelling house stands where the fog gathers frequently in warm weather, should be rejected; so should one where the drainage cannot be made good, or where the water is impure. These are important and should never be overlooked. If the dwelling be located in a valley between two large meadows where there is a continual draft of damp air during the night, it is an unfit place to live, and would be dear at any price.

A good neighborhood is also to be sought for social intercourse is not only desirable but important, and if the neighborhood is made up of a good class of people, it will add very much to the happiness of the whole family. Good schools within a reasonable distance are important, in fact necessary; and these should include the Sunday School. If there is a Farmers' Club that meets during the winter within a mile or two, it is good evidence that the neighborhood is a progressive one.

In deciding the value of the farm, not only the quality and convenience of the buildings should be considered, but the condition and durability of the fences should not be overlooked, for the difference between a good and a bad fence, amounts to several dollars per acre of land.

There are several things that should be on every good farm. First, a deposit of good muck. Second, a good gravel hill. Third, a deposite of clay. Fourth, a deposit of good sand. Fifth, a few acres of good wood land. It may be difficult to find all of these, of the best quality, on one farm that is in the market for sale, but they should be looked for, and unless some of the most important ones are found, the farm should be rejected.

Muck is one of the most important materials to have, but if there should be no deposite of this, then there should be a deposit of sand, which may be used when dry as an absorbent, though it is not as good as muck except for manure that is to be used on low wet land.

Good water has already been referred to; it should not only be good, but there should be a never failing supply; if there be an elevated spring, from which water may be drawn by its own weight sufficient to supply the wants of the whole farm, it will be of great value; on a fifty acre farm it would be worth at least five hundred dollars.

In purchasing a farm, one of the first things to be avoided is a high gravelly hill that feels the drouth almost as soon as it stops raining; such a farm would be dear as a gift. If hoed crops are to be grown a stony, gravelly soil should be avoided, because the difference between cultivating land that is stony and that which is free from stones amount to a good profit, so that while the owner of a stony farm might not be able to pay his expenses, the owner of a farm free from stones, would be able to lay up a small amount every year, and yet, work no harder than he who owns a stony farm.

Never buy a farm to work on because it is cheap, unless it is what is wanted. Never buy one because the owner will wait for his pay, or because the neighbors urge you to buy, but always keep in sight the important things required to make a good and profitable farm; if these are wanting, neither the price, or good neighborhood, will make it a satisfactory farm.

There are thousands of farmers today who are uneasy and dissatisfied with their condition, simply because they bought a farm that is not adapted to their wants, and there are large numbers who sell out to buy again, with as little regard to what they really require, in a farm, as they had when they made their first purchase. We presume this will continue, but we hope that these suggestions may lead some of the readers of the *Ploughman*, who are in search of a farm, to pause before they purchase a farm that is not adapted to their wants.

AN AGRICULTURAL CYCLOPEDIA.

As the interests of Agriculture multiply and develope under the influence of modern times, there is an increasing request for a collation and convenient classification of all the details which they cover; and in consequence we are met with renewed attempts, each more comprehensive and successful than its predecessor, to collect the entire literature of the subject, so to characterize it, in cyclopedia form and substance. It has again been done, and the task has been performed with great industry and care, in a stout octavo volume now lying on our desk, bearing the expansive title—"*The American Home and Farm Cyclopedia.*" Beginning with it externally, we have to remark that its get-up as a piece of book-work is in all respects first class, and its attractiveness too strong to be easily resisted by any one who loves agricultural life and pursuits, after his or her eyes have once fairly taken it in. It is, in fact, not very easy to say much more, since a true index of it is a book for the table, the shelf, and the reading-rack. As a companion in the Home, it will prove one of the most constantly suggestive of any that could be offered entertainment.

The prefatory inside cover leaves are entirely unique, and, with their quaint but pertinent illustrations, form a highly ornamental and appropriate entrance to the book's interior. The illustration of a Model Home and Farm fitly furnishes the frontispiece. The American Home and Farm Cyclopedia contains important information and valuable suggestions on the home, on architecture, agriculture, farm and garden, horticulture, live stock, home medication and surgery, household management, cookery, sports and pastimes, law and business, together with numerous tables relating to products, live stock, fertilizers, wages and interest, hints on money making, etc., etc.; besides the embodied wisdom of practical and successful men and women of the past and present,—making thus a complete Home Book, stock book, farm and medical book. In short, to quote its own maxim, borrowed from Alexander Pope, it is intended to be at once "guide, philosopher, and friend." Two thousand illustrations, a large number of which are full page and colored, and nearly all expressly prepared for this work, are distributed over and among its large, fair pages, greatly enhancing both its attractiveness and value.

The Cyclopedia is from the hand of Horace R. Allen, A. M., M. D., as its author, with contributions from forty Colleges and several specialties. There is an introduction to all by Bishop Matthew Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The issue is by W. H. Thompson, publisher, Philadelphia. The contents, as tabulated, comprise as follows, and in the order given: Agriculture; Improvement in Live Stock, Capital Invested, etc.; Horticulture; Gardens; Law and Business; Hints on Money-Making; Architecture; The Household; Out-Door Sports and Pastimes; Miscellaneous Topics; Medical Department; The Sick Room; and Home Medication. The numerous topics that fall under the several heads are treated with literary care and skill, and show a familiarity with the subject to which they belong that makes the reading as interesting as it is instructive. We cannot speak in terms of too strong commendation of the character and frequency of the illustrations, by whose aid the reader's interest is not only held fast but attracted from page to page until the continuous perusal seems like that of an unbroken essay, and on a most agreeable and absorbing subject. W. S. Stockman is the Boston Agent of the Cyclopedia, at 10 Federal Street and 79 Milk Street.

VENTILATION OF THE BARN.

Man is very apt to go from one extreme to the opposite, without realising at first, that a medium is the more likely to be the best. Our grandfathers had barns that were ventilated too much, but we have many barns that are not ventilated enough.

To ventilate a barn through open cracks that will let the wind blow directly on the cattle, seems to be cruel, and certainly is not economy, because the cattle, to keep in good condition, must eat more to make up for the loss of heat by the cold wind. To keep cattle in a warm, tight barn, seems to show a kindly feeling towards the dumb beast, and it also seems to be economy; but there is a point beyond which it is neither merciful nor economy to go. To put fifty head of cattle in a tight barn with no attempt to ventilate it, is cruel, and certainly not economy.

Many barns have all of the manure in the cellar under them, consequently, when a current of air that by any possibility finds its way up into the barn, it is charged with gasses that are anything but pleasant or healthful; and the breath of so many animals in a tight barn, contaminates the air, and loads it with moisture, which settles on the hay above and greatly injures its quality, and renders it less healthful. That animals kept in such barns should frequently have their physical organs deranged, is not at all strange, in fact, it would be very strange if they did not.

The atmosphere in some barns is made still more unpleasant and unhealthy by the introduction of the silo into the barn cellar, opening into the barn itself. The owners of such barns do not realize the extent to which the air is polluted, because being in the barn so much, they become accustomed to the odors, and do not smell them as do those who are accustomed to a well ventilated barn.

While it is well, in fact important, to have tight barns, it is equally important that they should be well ventilated from the top, and also from the bottom and sides, whenever it seems necessary to change the air. It is almost, if not quite, impossible to make butter of the first quality from milk taken from cows that are milked in tight barns that have no means of ventilation.

Correspondence.

MAINE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

At the annual meeting of the New England Agricultural Society it was evident that the Pine Tree State had lost none of the interest of former years. Many times I have had a feeling of pride when the Banner State in the temperance reform has been analyzed and held up as a model for this and all republics. The grand movement made the present flourishing and prosperous agricultural interest of the State a possibility. Maine goes into anything in no half way. At a time of many now living can verify the truthfulness of the statement. Teams came to Portland from all parts of the State for provisions and groceries. A hogshead of New England rum, a barrel of flour, a barrel of whiskey, a small package of codfish, a cadiz of tobacco, a chest of tea, and this vast proportion of liquor and tobacco to all the necessaries of life, was the rule. Then the farms run to waste, buildings were well nigh roofless, old hats and wisps of straw in place of window glass; fences were down, gates, if there were any, hung on one hinge, but more hingeless. Poverty was written over the farming community. Debts, dues and mortgages made farm-home life anything but Heaven.

That sad picture has been transformed, and the canvass reveals something of Eden life, before the fall. To-day her agricultural products are among her prominent sources of wealth and maternal prosperity. In 1882, I am informed that no State in the Union showed so large returns for the acreage cultivated, as the Pine Tree State. I cannot understand why there is so little interest manifested by the farmers of Maine in the New England Society. They have a State organisation and many local gatherings that are well attended, and a very creditable display of farm products are never wanting. I think they suffer loss by want of contact and assimilation with such an educational institution as the New England Society. I have whenever an opportunity has been presented, urged the Maine farmers to join our Society, and give their strength to this already strong body to make it more prominent as an educator to all engaged in agriculture throughout the broad domain of this great nation. Had the West and the South the energy, economy and brain to put into this greatest of all the nation's industries so prominent in many of New England's agriculturists, the wealth of this country would soon become fabulous. I would urge the trustees to make greater effort to interest the Maine farmers in the parent Society. Many of them are intelligent reading people, and I am confident that the able agricultural journals published weekly at the hub of the old Bay State and scattered among them like autumn leaves, will have great weight in moulding and fully establishing well grounded faith in the New England Society, that shall prompt them to enlist under her banner and do royal service, not only for New England, but for this great country represented by her genuis in intellectual lore, mechanical skill, and in fine all that marks the leadership in an advanced civilization.

H. L. WHITNEY.

THE NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I am not conversant with the record of this Society; yet I believe it but justice to say, that criticisms thereupon by others, when conducted *with courtesy* are worthy of attention.

I myself am somewhat opposed to the present method governing the management of agricultural societies; yet concerning differences of opinion I trust I can concede that *justice to others*, which I hope for *regarding myself*.

Criticisms upon a society, whose officers and trustees, selected from the six New England States, many of them *representative men*, and probably all of them *honorable men*, if couched in *language other than gentlemanly*, are worthy only of contempt, and I trust will in no way affect the standing of the society, or the gentlemen connected with it.

The farmers of New England *are intelligent*.—Let not the critics overlook this. If this society is bad, it should go and will. Nothing can save it. The farmers are *just but firm*. Nothing bad will for long be fostered by them. But these farmers *are gentlemen*, and will say to the critics—"One of the first lessons our parents taught us was to be *courteous and gentlemanly, modest and unpretending, just but firm, to respect the gray hairs of our elders*, and follow the *teachings of our Lord*." H.

ANOTHER "FARMER'S WIFE".

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman.

I have just been reading the story, "A Farmer's Wife", in a late number of the *Ploughman*, and would like to give a little view of the other side. It seems to me a pity that the great army of readers who do not live on farms should get such ideas of the condition of the farmer's wife as the agricultural journals all about us are continually giving. The farmer's wife is not a slave in Massachusetts, unless she chooses to be, and among the large number I know I do not know one who so chooses.

What is there so terrible about rising at 5 o'clock? I know one farmer's wife in particular who rises at that hour, or before, the year round, and gets breakfast for a lot of hungry men and boys, and enjoys it to. She works hard, of course, but her work does *not* make a drudge of her; and when a stopping place comes she stops and rests in the way that best pleases her, sometimes reading what interests her, often riding with her husband, sometimes riding alone, (for she is a good horsewoman, and her husband provides everything that is needed, from a good horse to a hitching weight), or inviting a neighbor to a seat beside her.

Whatever there is that will help make work easier is always bought for her in addition to the numberless little jobs that a kindly disposed man can do about home. Whatever money comes into the family is hers just as much as it is her husband's, and he tells her so; there is no asking for money in that family. If there is anything of interest going on in their own or the adjoining towns, they go, if they please; her brio a brac does not consist of plaster dogs but of what best pleases their taste in such things.

This is no newly married couple of whom I am telling you, but people who have maintained this way of life on a farm for nearly 20 years, and there is no apparent reason why they will not go on in the same way until life ends for them.

If the farming community throughout Massachusetts was carefully studied, I am confident there would be found hundreds of happy, cheerful farmer's wives for every one of the kind we so often read about. C.

"ADULTERATION."

BY GEORGE T. ANGELL.

(Dio Lewis's February Monthly.)

Dear Doctor: You ask me to send you an article of eight hundred words on adulteration. I cannot decline the request of so good a friend, but to give you eight hundred words on adulteration is like dipping a bucketful out of the Mississippi river.

That there is at the present time an enormous sale in American markets of adulterated articles, many of which endanger the health, and *some* the lives of those who use them, is a fact which no honest man familiar with the subject can deny. Other countries are not exempt, but in other countries greater precautions are taken, and laws and sanitary regulations are more vigorously enforced. In Germany, for instance, in a single year, the German Government caused 231,478 samples of different articles to be analyzed for adulterations, and obtained 3,352 convictions in the courts.

In Great Britain, eighty or more public analysts, appointed under Act of Parliament, have analyzed since 1878 about 17,000 samples each year, and detected many thousands of adulterations. In the spring of 1882, a law was enacted in Massachusetts, after great opposition, to punish adulterations of foods and drugs. One hundred and thirty-four petitions of a form which I was requested by one of the largest dealers in groceries in Boston to prepare, were presented to the Legislature, signed by some thousands of the most respectable grocers of the State, and their customers, asking for such a law. The details of evidence in this case alone, would be far beyond the space you can give the subject. The details of evidence I have gathered during several years would fill volumes. One paper which I read upon the subject before a "Boston Trade Association," filled a whole newspaper columns of fine print; and another which I read before the "Boston Board of Trade" filled about one hundred pages of manuscript. A report which I prepared for a Committee of Congress, who ordered its publication, fills twenty pages of fine print.

It would be very difficult to overestimate the adulterations now practiced, and the adulterated articles now sold in this country, many of which are extremely dangerous. But if I should attempt to state those well proved, and you could give up your Monthly, say for the next two years, simply to their publication, of which I would be unjust to you, we can find some way of stopping them? If I should prove, for example, by ample evidence, that nearly all the milk sold in our large cities is adulterated with water which is liable to come from dangerous sources, and contain typhoid germs, and is colored with articles liable to be very injurious; that what *glue*; that milk is sold which does not contain a drop of the real article; that even the purest water gives little nourishment to young children, etc., etc., how are we going to stop it?

If I should prove that pure wines and liquors are about as scarce as white blackbirds, what of it? If I should prove by the testimony of respectable grocers that a very large proportion of articles they sell is adulterated, and that they must sell them or be undersold and driven out of business, what of it?

If I should show by official returns that more than three hundred million pounds of glucose have been manufactured in a single year in this country, to adulterate everything that is sweet; that this glucose is made by the use of sulphuric acid, which eats the pipes and machinery, and carries them into the products and into our stomachs, and sometimes, also, more or less of this poisonous acid, how are we going to stop it, when glucose manufacturers, by adding a cent a pound to their very cheap product, can raise millions of dollars a year to buy lawyers, lobbyists, and chemists, and defy us in the courts, or, if necessary, control legislation? Suppose I prove that more than two hundred million pounds of butter and cheese containing oleomargarine are sold in this country every year; that it is shipped from cities to country, to come back as *pure country butter*; that oleomargarine oils are not only used in creameries, but hawked about the country and sold to farmers to be mixed with the products of their dairies; that these oils are liable to come from the filthiest fats of diseased animals, and those that have died of disease, are never subjected to sufficient heat to kill the poisonous germs they —*like raw meats*—are liable to contain; and that the profits on selling these compounds and the sharp competitions of trade, are constantly tempting all dealers to sell them—suppose I prove all this, what's the use, so long as manufacturers, by adding a cent or two a pound to the prices of their cheap products, can raise a couple of million dollars a year as a fighting fund? Suppose I prove that from two to three million pounds of arsenic are imported into this country annually, costing about two cents a pound each pound containing a fatal dose for about twenty-eight hundred adult persons, and show where it goes—into paper curtains, lamp shades, boxes, wrapping papers for confectionery, tickets, cards, children's kindergarten papers, artificial flowers, dried grasses, eye-shades, ladies' dress goods, veils, stockings, gentlemen's underclothing, socks, gloves, hat-linings, linings of boots and shoes, paper collars, children's toys, various fabrics of wool, silk, cotton, and leather in various colors; that about one-third of all our wall papers, of a great variety of colors, have been found to contain arsenic; that the "Michigan State Board of Health," has published a book entitled "Shadows from the Walls of Death," containing seventy-five specimens of these poisonous papers commonly sold, and caused a copy to be placed in every important public library of the State as a warning to the people. What good will it do, if there is no power in this country to stop their manufacture and sale? Suppose I show by the best scientific evidence the danger of eating meats and vegetables from tin cans, and that the whole system of canning in tin ought to be abolished. What good will it do so long as hundreds of millions of these cans are sold every year, and every apple and other fruit pie, and dish of apple or other fruit sauce, every plate of soup and vegetables we eat away from our own homes, is liable to come from a tin can, and contain more or less metallic poison.

Suppose I show that the adulterations of drugs are now so great that it is *almost* impossible to make a living by the sale of honest goods, and *quite impossible* for a physician to know in many cases the strength or effect of the medicine he prescribes.

What is the use, if nothing can be done in this country to stop these things? That these great outrages, affecting public health, ought to be stopped, nobody can deny.

The question is, how, under this government of independent States, and against the enormous capital interested, can we enact suitable laws, and under our system of public appointments, find suitable officers, who cannot be bribed, to faithfully enforce them? A man like Jay Gould or Vanderbilt might do a noble work, and win the gratitude of the American people, by waging, in ways I could describe, a gigantic and successful war against adulterations. A combination of gentlemen of large but lesser financial power, might do the same. I have given to it, during several years, a vast deal of time and what capital could, consistently with other duties, spare, resulting in some little good. I succeeded in driving some articles out of our markets, aiding in the enactment of some laws, and circulating very widely the information I gathered; but the great stream still flows on with increased and increasing volume; and will continue to flow until more powerful instrumentalities than I can furnish shall be brought to bear against it. In the meantime, I am devoting my time and energies in trying to reach the *next generation* through the "*Bands of Mercy*," of which we have already nearly one thousand established in this country, with over one hundred thousand members, and which will, I hope, some day right these great wrongs.

If the reading of this article shall in any way tend to aid that result, the eight hundred words you ask, and which I believe I have already exceeded, will not have been written in vain.

"IRRIGATION."

BY COL. HENRY W. WILSON.

[Remarks before the Mass. Horticultural Society.]

The Massachusetts Horticultural Society held its regular weekly meeting at 11 A. M. Saturday, Feb. 16, President F. B. Hayes in the chair. Col. Henry W. Wilson led in the discussion on the "Practice and Value of Irrigation to our Farmers and Horticulturists." He stated that irrigation is a science. The practice of irrigation is but little understood except with those whose crops require continual attention to it. Probably the first engineering work done by man had reference to irrigation, the pools founded by Solomon, and comparatively little advance in the science of hydraulics has taken place since ancient times. The speaker gave a sketch of the method and extent of irrigation in various nations, and presented illustrations of the extensive system of pools in India, where water is cheapest in the world. The peculiarities of irrigation in Southern California were shown, a large quantity of water being secured from artesian wells. Clear water has been found as beneficial to the soil as water filled with various ingredients. One of the causes of the benefit of water to the soil is in the amount of oxygen which it gives to the earth, as it is found that water in absorbing air receives the oxygen in larger proportions than it exists in the atmosphere. The first and most natural source to seek for water on a farm is a brook, which should be diverted at as great an altitude as available, so as to save pumping. Wells can be sunk almost all over a farm, and water from them can be pumped up by windmill power, which will cost not five dollars a year. It is desirable to have a reservoir, as large quantities are needed at intervals. The best is a large reservoir of clay. It should be not less than six feet in depth, as anything less will invite the growth of noxious aquatic plants, which will convert the reservoir into a morass. In our climate it will require about two inches in depth on our farms to secure an adequate irrigation. Sub-irrigation has a decided advantage in avoiding the losses by heat and evaporation. Moreover, this method encourages the growth of roots to a greater depth than at present. All waters that are heavily charged with sediment are very difficult to manage. If by the use of water we can be the means of saving a crop there is no price at which it is at present sold that would be too much. The price which we pay for Boston water would be moderate to save a strawberry crop. On land having a somewhat uniform slope a good method of irrigation is by a system of cross ridges to cause the water to spread evenly. The problem for us is to find how much water is needed to be stored up to equalize the fluctuations of the water supply. The average rainfall in the City of Boston per annum for a number of years past has been 50 inches. In 1880 the deficiency below the average rainfall was about 11 inches. The statistics show that there is a fair average in the supply when considered for a series of years. It is the percolation of the water in the soil that benefits it, and not the mere wetting. A cultivator who could have put four inches depth of water on his land during the past dry season would undoubtedly be well paid for his outlay. The actual cost of pumping per thousand gallons should not exceed 5 cents. It has been observed that soil that needs much irrigation, however it may develop the plant, will not be favorable to the seed and flowers. In this connection it was observed also that grain crops that depended on irrigation usually had more husk than otherwise.

At the conclusion President Hayes expressed the appreciation of the society for the valuable essay, and called upon Marshall P. Wilder, who briefly added his testimony as to the advantage of devices for irrigation and its great importance when the water supply is precarious.

Gratuities were awarded to F. B. Hayes for camellias, C. H. Brackett for mushrooms, E. Sheppard for pansies, Mrs. A. D. Woods for a vase of flowers.

Floriculture.

THE BEGONIA, OR TRUMPET FLOWER.

There is one climbing plant we should very much miss from the gardens of Philadelphia, and this is the trumpet flower. The common form is known as the *radicans*, and is a native climber, growing wild from Pennsylvania, southward and westward. This is the one commonly seen, having flowers of a deep red or scarlet. There is another often met with, but not so common as the other. It is called *grandiflora*, and has flowers twice the size of the other, and of a yellowish scarlet. This sort is a native of China, and has been long known in this country. We are fortunate in having it to do well here, for a very little further North it is too cold in winter for it, as it is for many other Chinese plants. There is still another sort, a native, which does very well in Philadelphia, when sheltered by trees or buildings in winter. This is the evergreen species, known as *capreolata*, bearing large red flowers of an orange color within. It is a Southern vine, growing from Virginia southward, yet we have seen them thriving well enough in Germantown to bear flowers, when grown in the open lawn, trained only to a stake. The proper place for begonias is stumps of trees, buildings, or even let run up living trees and festoon themselves among the branches. It is most too strong a grower for dwelling-houses, but on outbuildings, fences or any place desired covered by a rampant climber it is just the thing.—[Germantown Independent.

☞ Less grain and more grassing tend to a better development of frame and muscle than when corn is fed to hogs exclusively. Build the frame first, and lay on the fat afterward.

☞ Prof. E. W. Stewart, in his recent useful book, celebrates the cow as "the most remarkable producer among animals." She gives, at her best, nearly seven times her own weight per annum in milk, of food value twice as great as the beef creature of equal size gains during the same time.

Horticulture.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

THE RASPBERRY.

BY CHARLES M. HOVEY.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The raspberry is one of our best summer fruits, following directly after the strawberry, and filling up the season until the large fruits come in. So many new, or supposed new varieties have lately been brought to notice and offered to the public, with so many promises of superiority, that cultivators have been puzzled to know what to cultivate or how far they excel the old and well known varieties, that their place should be supplied by these later productions. We have all seen with astonishment the wonderful progress in the improvement of the grape, and have no doubt of the remarkable qualities and superiority of these new varieties; other fruits have also shown how much skill and perseverance has done in the production of superior kinds. But singular, as may seem, the raspberry has not shared in this development; whether because less attention has been given to it, or because it is less susceptible of improvement, with only one species or variety. Many new grapes are the result of the fertilization of the coarse large berried grapes of our native species and varieties with the delicious kinds of exotic origin; and the same may be said of the strawberry, the improved kinds having been the result of the fertilization of the large South American with the smaller North American species or varieties. But the pear and some other fruits have been improved without the aid of but one species, and we may therefore indulge the hope that we may yet find a true raspberry as much larger—and of equal quality—than any we now have, as the Duchess pear is larger than the ordinary varieties. It will not perhaps be done at once, but continued experiments and time may accomplish so desirable a result. Is it not worth the trial?

A few days since I received the excellent report of the Worcester Horticultural Society prepared by Mr. E. W. Lincoln, the intelligent and very industrious Secretary, and was so much pleased with his remarks upon the raspberry that I quote the substance of his experience as given in these transactions.

"Quite lately the Country Gentleman published the replies of some "eminent fruit growers" to an enquiry by that veteran pomologist, John J. Thomas, for their choice of the *three* and also of *six* most valuable strawberries and raspberries." The answers are restricted within a somewhat narrow latitude, although extending from New Jersey to the Mississippi River. But almost without exception do they relate the experience of market growers, nurserymen producing largely the plants—in a majority of cases of the fruit also. No intelligence applicable to this extreme section of the Republic can be winnowed from that raw heap of confidence. No one from *Clayshire*; and to New England this side of the Connecticut, that geological and almost geographical expression betrays all. Said the late Dr. Brinckle to the writer, well nigh thirty years ago, as they stood together in that famous back yard between Chestnut Street above Thirteenth and Girard Row, we can originate but we cannot guarantee growth in our soil. * * * Since his time we have had raspberries; and—again raspberries! the puzzle being sometimes of difficult solution where the rasp ended and the berry begun. But what other pomologist throughout the broad Republic can indicate a seedling originated by himself of permanent value; or which deserves to be named in the same day with the delicious Orange. * * * But it was never discovered by arctic explorers in their searches after Polynia. Indeed its most ardent advocates are free to admit that it actually requires protection throughout a Massachusetts winter. And yet with this sole drawback, common as it is to every species of the Rubus idæus, and inseparable from them, as it will be found, not one of the pomologists addressed by Mr. Thomas even so much as referred to the existence of that unequalled and preeminent variety.

Neither is there a solitary mention of Fastolff, Franconia, Knevetts, Giant, Hornet, nor even of the Northumberland Fillbasket whose late off-spring—Baumforth seedling—holds out such luscious and encouraging promises. Of the varieties that have found approval among the critical growers of this Established Society, the Cuthbert alone received commendation, although a defect is alleged, curious enough to those who have seen it in Worcester in its "rather dark color." But with this solitary exception, not a single first class raspberry is mentioned by those "eminent fruit growers" whose judgment was solicited. You read of Sowhegan and Gregg, of Ohio and Tyler, of Hopkins and Mammoth Chester; and realize that the whole pother has been, after all, only about Thimbleberries!"

Perhaps this is the aspect of the question as viewed by the market grower and huckster. But how is it presented to the members of a Society which exists for the explicit and declared purpose of "advancing the Science and improving and encouraging the Practice of Horticulture!" An indiscriminate mention of raspberries by their Generic name, no distinction save by title, which only informs experts already instructed of the Rubus Idæus from the opposite species Occidentalis. And then the accidental hap-hazard election, for the public which would grow its own stock, of a little better berry than is found by every roadside over that which is a feast to set before Presidents! For of all these countless varieties of Thimbleberry not one is put forward because a seedling. * * * But it was found in a pasture—somewhat better than its fellows. It was extracted from a stone wall, and with higher cultivation the fool of nature is surprised at the subsequent increase in fecundity and quality. The glacier first, and the cyclone which the occidentalis unfortunately always has with it."

Now let it be repeated here, as always in these reports, that there was never a variety of the species *R. Idæus* that could endure the winter of Massachusetts uninjured. Nature may be circumvented; open defiance is never successful. It is not meant to deny that now and then a variety may have survived a season of average frost, to all appearances without immediate injury. Such has been the experience of the writer with the Philadelphia, which is not worth cultivating, and the same concerning the more valuable Clark, Cuthbert and Franconia.

Mr. Lincoln's experience will find concurrence with every intelligent cultivator of the raspberry. It has been almost tantalizing to read of the glowing accounts of the newer raspberries, of their good size, delicious quality and remarkable productiveness and to find out sometimes, but not always, that the whole "pother" as he truly says after all, is only about thimbleberries! Such was our experience with the Gregg, which was so large and fine, and which with the exception of size was scarcely fit to eat, a dry, worthless berry. Is it not time that introducers of new kinds of this species should designate them as thimbleberries, or that the Pomological Society should so class them in its list of fruits? We should hen no longer make any mistake in introducing new raspberries into our collections.

There is no reason why those who appreciate the thimbleberry should not cultivate it; but that they should be called improved varieties of the raspberry, only misleads and keeps up the confusion in regard to one of the most delicious of our summer fruits.

All these new raspberries have been seen at our horticultural exhibitions, but they have never equalled such specimens as were shown years ago, of such kinds as Knevett's Giant, Franconia or Fastolff, cultivated for nearly half a century.

Mr. Lincoln's notice of Brinkle's Orange reminds us of the pleasure we experienced so many years ago in looking through the 'back yard" of the Doctor, where he had under cultivation hundreds of seedling raspberries, several of which he named,—and which I described in the Magazine of Horticulture but only one of which we think is in cultivation to-day—showing how difficult it is to surpass some of the older sorts. But the success of Dr. Brinkle in adding one such variety as the Orange, should encourage others who have the time and means to undertake its improvement, assured that the result will well repay all the care and trouble. The value and importance of the raspberry is sufficient to enlist the zeal of enthusiastic cultivators.

Stock Department.

A LITTLE GOOD BLOOD BETTER THAN NONE.

(Breeder's Gazette, Chicago.)

Extravagant claims in behalf of any breed of animal or in behalf of improved stock in general, we believe do much harm. There are some statements which are often seen in papers devoted to live stock improvement which do more harm than good by prejudicing some "practical" men against improved stock. An instance of this is the often quoted remark that nothing but a thoroughbred sire should ever be used; than any grade, however nearly it may approach purity, is absolutely worthless or unsafe for breeding purposes. The trouble with these statements is, that they are not true, and the experience of many farmers has shown them to be untrue. We heartily believe in the value of pure blood when it can be obtained. We count it a mistake, in the very large majority of cases, for farmers to use cross bred or grade animals as sires; but we would much rather use a high grade than a "scrub." We would much prefer to use a boar, a cross between the Berkshire and the Poland China, than to use a "common stock" sire. If we could not get a pure bred male of any breed we would gaildly make use of the best high grade attainable.

It must be borne in mind that many of what are now pure breeds have been produced in comparatively recent years by crossing animals of different breeds; and that it is well known that some distinguished sires had not more than two or three crosses of the breed they did much to improve. There are sections of the country in which it is difficult, at any reasonable cost, to secure pure bred sires. It is very much better that farmers in such regions should purchase high grade sires than that they make no effort to improve their stock.

Persistent use of well bred males is the cheapest and only practicable way of improving his stock rapidly that is open to many a farmer of limited means. Let him get the best bred sires he can; but do not discourage his efforts and prevent his making any effort at improvement by insisting that it is useless to expect any good results unless a recorded sire be used.

The Horse.

THRUSH.

The most effectual remedy for thrush in horses consists mainly in proper attention to cleanliness of the parts, as the affection may, to some extent, be a consequence of slight constit

half and ploughed in. It was planted in drills three and one-half feet apart, with Bradley's phosphate, on four rows, without the fertilizer, made a dificiency of twelve bushels. D. S. Jenkins raised twelve acres of potatoes averaging 200 bushels per acre, some acres exceeded that amount, others less, owing to drouth; one acre of award he ploughed a straight furrow, a man following drop the seed potato on the land side, then doing the same on every third furrow, using Stockbridge's fertilizer, until he ploughed the whole piece; he raised 200 bushels on that acre. J. W. Sampson, an extensive farmer, has planted potatoes under the award and has no trouble in raising as large crops as in olden time. E. E. Ellms of the neighboring town of Cohasset, raised last season 480 bushels of potatoes on one acre, and 512 on another; it had corn the year before (130 bushels per acre), sea weed (eel grass) and barn manure were ploughed under; it was planted in drills 20 inches apart, with Buffalo fertilizer.

Movable Hog Pens.

There are many fields that raise less than a ton of hay per acre; with a few hogs in movable pens after mowing, one can get his land in good condition for next year's crop of corn. Hogs will quickly pulverize land and leave it in fine condition. Part of a field where my hogs were moved, I could see a difference in the corn growing all summer. As manure is the desideratum in farming so the farmer must look to that, as the source of his success.

Scituate, Mass., Feb. 4, 1884.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 23, 1884.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

Mr. Beecher, it is said, will go to Europe on a lecturing tour in the Spring or early Summer.

The constitutionality of the high license law has been affirmed by the supreme Court of Illinois.

England, France, and other powers are urging Chili and Peru to protect the rights of foreign creditors.

The policy of England in Egypt, as it has been expressed, is to leave the Egyptians "to stew in their own juice."

A royal commission has been appointed to inquire into the condition of the dwellings of the poor in Great Britain.

The Ohio river is falling at Cincinnati and all points this side, but below Cincinnati and beyond it is still on the rise.

Immigration into the United States continues as last year. Germany still contributes more than twenty five per cent. of our immigration.

Upwards of ten thousand dollars had been collected, early in the week, by the city committee of Boston, for the sufferers by the Western floods.

The large new dredging machine, built at East Boston for the Cape Cod canal, has been towed down by two tug boats to its place of destination.

It is currently reported that Prince Bismark will soon explain his reasons for returning the Lasker resolution of condolence to the American Congress.

The manufacturers in the different branches of business are this week being heard before the congressional Ways and Means committee on the Morrison tariff bill.

The demand in this market for good railroad bonds is very strong, and the best issues have risen in price within a few weeks by from two to three per cent.

The professional gamblers that have of late been driven out of New York have come to Boston in full numbers and with the whole of their available capital.

The wheat speculators are dished, and that is the long and short of it. Wheat is at present higher by six or seven cents per bushel than it is in Europe.

Mrs. Rebecca E. Richardson, of South Peabody, Mass, one of the oldest subscribers of the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, celebrated her ninety second birth day, Feb. 4th inst.

The Boston and Savannah steamship company has applied to the United States District Court to limit its liability on account of claims made against it by the loss of the City of Columbus.

The congressional committee on the expenditures in the Department of Justice has decided upon a thorough examination into the manner of conducting the star route prosecutions by all parties concerned in it.

The Democratic national committee assembled in Washington on Friday of the present week, its main business being the location of the national nominating convention, and the appointment of the time for holding it.

The imports at New York last week were $ 8,600,000, against more than $9,500,000 in the corresponding week of the two previous years. If wheat were going abroad as it once was, there would be no apprehension of gold exports.

Since his severe fall in the early winter. Gen. Grant has been suffering from a variety of complaints, and is much depressed in spirits. He still uses crutches. He has planned a Southern trip to escape the effects of the weather.

Prohibition has driven the saloons out of forty one counties in Kansas where they existed under license. In seventeen States the legislatures have been petitioned to grant the people the privilege of voting on a prohibitory amendement to their constitutions.

At the concert in Cincinnati, given for the benefit of the sufferers by the flood, last Sunday afternoon, Mme. Nilsson sang for an encore "Give me a Penny," and then, taking a basket, and assisted by the other singers of the Abbey opera company, passed through the aisles and took up a collection amounting to nearly $1600.

BISMARCK'S BARBARIC INSULT.

It has been reported in authentic form from Berlin that Prince Bismerck has returned to the German Minister at Washington the resolution of condolence on the death of Herr Lasker passed by the House of Representatives, with the request that it be returned to the House, on the ground that Herr Lasker's position in Germany was not such as would justify such resolutions from such a quarter. The matter, of course creates much feeling at Washington, and is the topic of general comment in the press of the country. The resolution, as far as the record goes, was passed through the House by merely the vote of its mover, no one else feeling interested in it either one way or the other. The mover, it appears, had met Herr Lasker while abroad, and was impressed to regard him as the leader of the Liberals in Germany. Nevertheless, having once passed the House the members now declare that it shall be sustained. Some members are of opinion that it is the duty of both Houses to pass a joint resolution in condemnation of Bismarck. The Liberal press of Germany condemns him already for his brutal conduct in outspoken phrase. The resolution was communicated to the German ministry of affairs by the American Minister, with the request that it be communicated to the Reichstag, of which Herr Lasker was a member. Bismarck had no business with it, and could have procured it only by surreptitious means.

THE FOUNDATION INTEREST.

In this time of business deadness, shutting down of mills and blowouts of furnaces, with the labor strikes which naturally ensue, it is as important as it is interesting to stop and consider what it is, after all, that keeps us going as a people forming a combined nationality. It is plain enough that it is not manufacturing, nor commerce, nor mining, nor stock buying and selling. The old truth is as true now as it ever was, that the entire flooring of our national edifice is Agriculture. On that we rest, and by that we prosper. Anybody with even ordinary and glancing observation can see that agriculture is the only standby for us all; that it is the parent of manufacturing and commerce for us; that it feeds and sustains us; and that it absorbs by far the largest part of our industry. This is nothing strange; it only goes to show what and where are our natural advantages, and how we are superior to other nations. We may become as large producers of textile fabrics as we wish to be, but we shall never, with such a country as we possess, cease to be an agricultural people before all things else.

In the production of cotton alone, we are favored above all known nations of the earth. It has been estimated that the area upon which cotton may be successfully cultivated comprises 666,196 square miles, of which less than 11,000 square miles are used. Our national capacity in the production of this great staple, therefore, is, comparatively speaking, unbounded. We need never fear competition from any quarter of the globe. It is even thought by capable public economists, that, when cotton raising is brought to the same general level of profits as other branches of agriculture, and when its price in the world's markets is governed by the same law that governs the price of wheat and similar products, it may be reduced so low, while still as profitable as agriculture generally is, that an excise duty can be safely laid upon it, as upon the production of whiskey and beer, which will benefit the country to the amount of all that is raised, without in any way being injurious to cotton growers. But this is of course is in the future of things. At any rate, the time may be said to have about arrived when the laying of an export duty on cotton may very properly be discussed, as a means of raising revenue at small cost and with the least interposing machinery.

At present, however, large as are our annual exportations of cotton, it is mainly upon our wheat and corn and bread stuffs and provisions, to which are to be added petroleum and tobacco, that we depend for our foreign trade, if indeed these do not constitute quite the whole of it. And we may safely believe that, cotton included also, such will be the case always. We have had the highest protective duties for manufacturers for the past twenty odd years that we ever had in our history. Saying nothing about whether the professed object of protection has been accomplished or not, which is the permanent establishment of manufactures, it is enough to remark that fully four fifths of our whole manufactured products are consumed at home. They are not sent out of the country. What does such a statement signify? Simply this; that we are always to continue an agricultural nation; that it is agriculture that is to support our railroads, our canals, our lake and river navigation, and our foreign commerce, and that, if ever imports cease to provide sufficient revenue for government necessities at the custom houses, we may rely on the excise duty on spirits, with perhaps an excise duty on cotton, to provide us with all the annual revenue required.

Thus it will be seen that it is upon agriculture that we are to rely in the future, even more than we do in the present. A nation of 55 millions now, by the close of the century we shall number enough to consume all that can be manufactured within our own limits, to say nothing of what we shall buy abroad in addition. Fortunately for us all, though we can claim to have practically no commerce on the ocean of our own, agricultural products are free to export everywhere, and it is these which almost wholly maintain our trade with foreign countries. With such a great national fact looking us in the face, shall it be any longer questioned whether agriculture is entitled to the first and highest place in the public consideration? whether it has any equal right to be heard in the halls of legislation with the other interests to which it gives the sole subsistence? It is to make not the slightest difference whether Congress votes or refuses to vote to recognize it as a national interest and industry of sufficient importance to be stow a Department title upon the necessary governmental administration of its interests; there stands the palpable fact all the same, that it is the first and fundamental interest in the country, and thus will be while our soil covers the most of an entire continent.

Our New England farmers may not raise wheat for the market, as the Western farmers do and even if they did, transportation for the much shorter distance might cost more than transportation for the longer one. But there are products for which their farms are specially adapted, and for which the markets are specially convenient. Their husbandry, therefore, is a mixed one, compensating by its variety for its comparatively limited amount of visible result. It may be none the less valuable because of its smaller totality. It is at last only a question of profit and population; of how the former distributes over the latter. And, taking into account all the associated advantages—society, nearness to markets, habits of life, climate, security, and general tranquility,—the scale that holds New England will pull down the other one every time. It certainly will for the man born and bred in New England. Here can be had enough to eat, drink, and wear, besides comfortable homes; beyond this, everything is in favor of the eastern man. We assert this only to convince our own farmers that they have nothing to hope for in emigrating to the West which cannot be more than realized by them at home. We would have them understand that on their farms they cannot be disturbed by any financial, social, or political tempest that may blow around them.

Farmers' Institute at Middleboro', Mass.—The Plymouth County Agricultural Society will hold a Farmers' Institute, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., at Town Hall, Middleboro', Saturday, February 23, 1884. Addresses will be given by J. W. Pierce, of West Millbury, on "How to make Dairy Farming Profitable," and by Z. A. Gilbert, Secretary of the State of Maine Board of Agriculture, on "Business Farming." Both addresses to be followed by discussions on the subjects named and other topics. Other distinguished Agriculturists have been invited to attend and participate in the discussions. The public are invited to attend and take part in the discussions. An earnest invitation is extended to the ladies to attend. A collation will be provided by the citizens. Return tickets over the O. C. R. R. will be furnished those who attend the Institute.

☞ We have received from "*Home and Farm*" of Louisville, Ky, a neat pamphlet containing the letters of its Florida correspondent, Mrs. L. B. Robinson. These letters are valuable because they truthfully describe all the difficulties new settlers in that State must expect to encounter and they give just the information about everyday life which can not be obtained from official reports or pamphlets published by land agents. Everyone interested in Florida ought to have this pamphlet. Price, 25 cents. Address Home and Farm, Louisville, Ky.

A RATIONAL SYSTEM OF HORSE SHOEING.

Secretary John E. Russell, of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, delivered a remarkable lecture on the above subject in Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, on Friday evening of last week, February 15th, by invitation of the Mayor and a number of the leading citizens of Worcester, and under the special auspices of the Natural History Society of that city. Rarely has a public lecture in Worcester attracted a larger assembly or created a more profound popular impression. As Prof. Wood had lectured on the same subject but a little time previously, public expectation was raised to an unusually high pitch to see how Secretary Russell would treat it after him. Few public lectures pronounced in Worcester were ever so interesting or convincing. What is really thought of the Horse by its citizens,—to say nothing of what they think of Mr. Russell—was well attested by the audience which fairly packed the Hall to its fullest capacity. Thirty-five hundred tickets of admission were printed, and by noon of Thursday all were disposed of, hundreds of applicants having been reluctantly turned away. There were quite 4000 people in the Hall at night, and on the platform with the speaker were to be seen no less than thirty of the leading citizens. It proved indeed a great occasion. Secretary Russell was among his own people, and they testified their sincere delight in honoring him. The lecture itself occupied one hour and a half, and was illustrated with drawings on the blackboard, holding the immense audience to the last word.

We regret our inability to give a report of it in this week's *Ploughman*, owing to the crowded state of its columns. The subject is one that is rapidly gaining in interest in the public mind, and it is peculiarly fortunate that a gentleman so thoroughly qualified to treat it intelligently and in an interesting manner as Mr. Russell has shown himself to be, is ready to come forward and present the results of his observation, study, and experience for the general instruction. The close attention of the audience was broken only by frequent applause. We will not forestall the report which will be given of this brilliant lecture by any attempt at particular description, or by quotations; yet we cannot close the present notice of it without citing a few brief passages, such as the following:—He stated that Marshal Bazaine told him in Spain, several years ago, that Napoleon would have escaped from Russia in safety, but for the failure of the supply of his horse-shoers. His horses, being without shoes, broke down on the rough and icy roads, and hence the disaster that followed.

He said he would himself follow the French and Spanish method of shoeing, which is never to calk a shoe, even on the front, except for use on the ice; and the calk should be removed as soon as possible. The proper shoe is broad and flat, and as light as possible. He would put the strength of the shoe in the outer rim, and use as few nails as possible. The hoof is elastic, and the use of an unyielding rim of iron prevents its action. For this reason the milateral method of shoeing—the nails only on one side—is desirable if a light shoe is used. He would have a horse shod every month, and three weeks is better. He thought horse owners would thus do more for the humane treatment of the equine race than in any other way. He said his hearers would be fully repaid for listening to him, if they would but remember that the horse's foot should be kept level with the frog, and carry out in practice. But he cautioned them against expecting too much at the first; the horse has been misused too long, and the evil results cannot be cured at once.

Secretary Russell, as all know very well who have had the pleasure of hearing him, is a fluent, graceful, and impressive speaker, and endowed with the rare powers of natural eloquence which have been most effectively cultivated. On all subjects of an agricultural character and on such as are in any way related to it he addresses an audience in a manner which it is not apt to forget. He is already ranked among the most popular and effective public speakers in Massachusetts, ranging easily among those who are rightly classed as orators. That he was secured for the important and influential position he holds on the State Board of Agriculture is universally regarded as one of the very fortunate circumstances which have occurred in its history.

☞ *Harper's Monthly* for March has as follows for contents: Illustration for "Judith Shakespeare," by Constance F. Woolson, with nineteen illustrations; The Yorkshire Coast, illustrated; Judith Shakespeare, Part III; Nature's Serial Story, Part IV, a novel, with six illustrations; The Early American Presidents, illustrated; Will Carleton, with portrait; Hints on Domestic Decoration, illustrated; The Poetry of the Deaf, with six portraits; The Deliverance of Leyden, a poem, illustrated; The Drainage of the Everglades, with ten maps; Short Stories—The Picture, Love is not Enough, and, The Old Town Councillor; Poems, by Walt Whitman, Francis L. Mace, and James Lane Allen; Editor's Easy Chair, Literary Record, Historical Record, and Drawer. To be had of Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston.

☞ The Transactions of the Essex Agricultural Society, in Massachusetts, for 1883, including the sixty first annual address, delivered last year by Hon. Charles P. Thompson, of Gloucester, have just been published by the Society, for an early copy of which we acknowledge the courtesy of Charles P. Preston, of Danvers, Secretary. There is a convenient index, and the reading is first class agricultural reading throughout. It may fairly be called an agricultural manual in this section, as is well known, Mr. Benjamin P. Ware is President ot the Essex Agricultural Society, which is acknowledged to have no superior in New England.

☞ *The Bowker Fertiliser Company* have issued two new pamphlets on the fertilizers which are produced by them, entitled "Hill and Drill Phosphate," and, "Stockbridge Manures." The Phosphate with potash is a general fertiliser for all crops. The Stockbridge Manures, originated by Levi Stockbridge, formerly Pres. of Mass. Agricultural College and Professor of Agriculture, is manufactured exclusively by the Bowker Fertiliser Company, who employ as the text for their pamphlet on the subject the motto —"Feed the Plant and the Plant will Feed You." The Company define special manuring to be manuring with knowledge. What is good for one crop may not be good for another. Special fertilization is manuring with reference to the crop to be obtained, with a view to getting the most profitable returns. The Bowker fertilisers have earned the wide reputation they enjoy. They have stood the test, especially the Stockbridge Manures, of the field and of the State inspectors for nearly ten years, and are declared to be among the most *reliable* and the *richest* fertilizers offered in the market. Their consumately perfect composition in the past is a sufficient guarantee of their strength and purity in the future. The Company's office in Boston is at 43 Chatham street, and in New York at Broad street.

☞ *The Matchless Swivel Plow*, manufactured only by T. B. Everett & Co. (successors to Everett and Small), is claimed to be the champion of the world in all the practical results to which efficient ploughing is essential. Its manufacturers assure the farming community that "The Matchless" has met and defeated every other Swivel Plow of note in use. Its superior characteristics are plainly stated by the manufacturers in their advertisement in another column of this week's Ploughman, to which its readers are referred.

☞ The advertisement of the Frank F. Woods Farm in Groton, Mass., which is offered for sale, is well worth general attention. The Farm is in all essential respects a first class one. It is offered for sale only on account of health, which necessitates a change of place and occupation. One who will read the advertisement in another column will not be able to dismiss it from his mind in a hurry. Inducements of a very rare kind are presented. The income of this farm is not less than $3500, which is enough to show what is its intrinsic value. It comprises 140 acres of good land in Middlesex County, will carry 30 cows and 2 horses, and has an orchard that produces $1000 a year. The buildings are in good condition, and the facilities for market in every way superior. It is a property that will repay the trouble of investigation, and we recommend intending purchasers to go about it forthwith.

☞ *Schlegel and Fotler's* "Annual Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue of Seeds" is on our table, and an entirely neat and taking thing it is This enterprising firm, located at 26 South Market Street, Boston, are importers and growers and wholesale dealers in Vegetable, Field, Flower, and Bird Seeds, Flowering Bulbs, and Roots, Trees, Plants, and Shrubs; also Fertilizers, Sayner's Cutlery, and Garden Requisites of all kinds.

☞ Gregory's Annual Illustrated Retail Catalogue of Warranted Seeds grown and sold by James J. H. Gregory of Marblehead, Mass., is issued for 1884, and will be consulted with eager interest by all persons who have seeds to plant in the coming season.

CORRECTION.—In the article in last week's *Ploughman* on "Vinegar Adulteration" by a typographical error Mr. Putnam is made to say that he had spent *ten* hundred dollars instead of *two* hundred, as it would read. Also 60 mornings should read 60 *notices issued*.

READ AND RUN.

— A statue to Sir Francis Drake, one of the great navigators of his day, has just been inaugurated at Plymouth, the whole town indulging in festive demonstrations.

— Notice has been given of a motion in the British Parliament, that the penalty for wife-beating shall for the future be a severe flogging.

— Sir Lyon Playfair has introduced in the British House of Commons a bill to legalise cremation. Burning bodies to be the admitted alternative of ordinary burial.

— The German press comes out savagely against the English government for its conduct in the Soudan. John Bright takes a very gloomy view of the difficulty. He says it is impossible to advise either one way or the other, as the way is too dark.

— Relief has been pouring in from all sides for the Ohio Valley sufferers from the floods.

— An English writer, Sir Leppel Griffin, seems to consider it his mission to assail everything American. He has been whacking away at our institutions and people for some time past, and his last screed is directed at our State and municipal institutions especially.

— Shakspeare, they say, is growing more and more popular in France.

— A new society has been formed in England, called the "Palestine Pilgrims," its purpose being to explore the history of Palestine from the earliest time down to the Crusades, and to translate and publish such records as may be discovered.

— Lady Ruthven is to present to the Antiquary Society of Edinburgh a magnificent collection of objects of Greek art, including lamps, vases, stataury, ornamenta, etc., and containing in all three thousand pieces.

— The Mississippi River Commission, sitting at St. Louis, have disposed of the entire appropriation of Congress for the improvement of the River. The Commission expects that the next appropriation will make sufficient provision for the lower Mississippi.

— M. Baehm, the sculptor, is engaged on a bust of Herbert Spencer, which will be completed before a long time.

— The Rutland (Vt.) Railroad Company has sued its ex-President John B. Page for $200,000, alleged to have been retained by him during his connection with the road.

— The municipal council of Paris has recently made another donation of valuable books to the Boston Public Library.

— The divers at the wreck of the steamer City of Columbus have recovered a watch, which was identified by Engineer Phillips as his property.

— Twenty vacancies in the ranks of the patrolmen of the Boston police have called out a very numerous body of applicants for the places.

— The Lowell Railroad is shortening the distance to Boston from Lowell by two miles. It is to be done by the new line from Wilmington through Woburn.

— The condition of the oyster fisheries of the Chesapeake are at last arousing the interest of the people of Maryland and Virginia.

— The most important of the changes proposed in the new Morrison tariff, so called, is the transfer of iron and copper ores to the free list.

— The contract time for completing the Canadian Pacific Railroad is 1891. But the Minister of Railways declares it to be very important to have the road finished within two years.

— Since 1837, the city of Paterson, N. J., has turned out over six thousand locomotives, valued at more than one hundred million dollars.

— The Western floods are slowly subsiding, with the full extent of their damage yet to be ascertained.

— The strike at Fall River continues, and the idle workmen are soliciting aid.

— A meeting of representative miners is to be held soon at Pittsburgh, Penn., to arrange for a miners' national organization.

— The long strike in the window-glass manufacture has created such a scarcity that the maximum output for months to come will be barely sufficient to fill standing orders.

— Bradstreet's nobly says—"We are in favor of the utmost attainable freedom of interchange between our own and all other countries, especially those on our northern and southern borders."

— The hearings before the Senate Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads indicate that the activity of private enterprise in relation to the business of telegraphy, instead of being on the wane, as is claimed by the advocates of government control, is increasing.

— There is a fair degree of activity at present in the stock market, which is wholly in the hands of the manipulators, or, as they are called, the professionals. The recent rise in stocks so far seems to have brought in no appreciable amount of buying from the outside.

— Much of the petroleum in production and consumption, domestic and foreign, points unmistakably to a declining supply, with a prospect for higher prices in the future. Consumption is now nearly equal to production.

— Recent disclosures, resulting from the investigations made in New York City, show clearly that the people of the city have in reality little or nothing to do with its government. Nearly all the offices of trust in their gift are made, directly and indirectly, the objects of bargain and sale by a small knot of men, and are little more than sources of corruption funds for the use of the national parties.

— The French have always taken to themselves the credit of the victory of Yorktown, said Mr. John Fiske in his last lecture on the American Revolution, delivered in the Old South Meeting House last Saturday; and although the campaign was conceived and directed by Washington he said it is true that without the French soldiers and fleet the war might have been dragged out for a long while, and our debt of gratitude to France is therefore very great.

— Another revolt of the Spanish army is feared.

— The Lancashire, Eng., cotton spinners and the Liverpool cotton brokers have been holding a conference, to see if rules can be adopted to check undue speculations in cotton futures.

— Baker Pacha has been defeated by the Egyptians near Tokar, while advancing. His losses were 2500 men, four Krupp cannon, and two gatling guns.

— Mrs. Barrows has been convicted at Biddeford, Me., of the murder of her husband.

— The business of the Bell Telephone Company is protected, not by any single patent, but by more than one thousand patents. The prime patent is the broad claim of Bell to the transmission of speech by electric current.

— The Boston Turnverein gave its annual fancy dress ball at Turn Hallo on Monday evening, with the usual success.

— There is an immense stock of oranges in the market, and low prices are assured for sometime to come. The quality of the fruit is superior.

— Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper, the daughter of the novelist, is educating orphan children in industrial occupations, at Cooperstown.

— Capt. Wright, of the City of Columbus, testified in relation to the disaster, before the local inspectors of steam vessels, in Boston. He admitted his entire inability to account for the disaster.

— There is an increasing demand for labor of almost all kinds, except on railroads.

— Southern textile mills are crowded with orders. Southern mills are springing up in new localities. Several woolen and cotton mills are projected in the Gulf States.

— Now start up reports in the wheat market, for speculative purposes purely, that the winter wheat in the ground was being seriously damaged by flood and generally unfavorable weather. These little matters were called among the dealers "crop scares."

— Strikes and cut-downs continue to prevail in the manufacturing districts of New England, and the situation generally continues about as bad as for several weeks past.

— The recent prolonged spell of bad weather has had a depressing effect on all branches of business, in Boston, buyers holding off as much as possible. But there is a confident feeling that trade will start up with increased vigor when the weather becomes more settled, and fully make up for the present set-back.

— Stocks of goods, just at present, in Cincinnati are in position to be handled, should occasion require it, as boats can be loaded from the second story windows.

— The insurance interest has been urging before the House judiciary committee, the right to have their claims considered by the Alabama Commission.

— The House Pacific Railroad committee has decided to report a bill compelling the Central and Union Pacific railroad companies to survey and take out patents to lands, so that they may be taxed.

— It is said that the German Foreign Office ignores United States Minister Sargent, and conducts all negotiations directly with Washington

— A rumor is said to be current throughout Central Asia that the Russians would lead the warlike tribes into the rich plains of India as soon as England was in difficulty. Russia is said to be using the Afghans as an advance guard.

☞ We have received from C. M. Winslow, editor, a pamphlet of 52 pages with the title—"Some Information concerning the Ayrshire Breed of Cattle, with Essays read at the annual meeting of the Association of Ayrshire Breeders, Vol. II, published by the Ayrshire Breeders Association." The annual meeting was held in New York last year.

CONGRESS.

I—

The Ways and Means committee of the House are engaged in giving hearings on the Morrison tariff bill. A bill for the admission of Dakota into the Union was introduced in the Senate. The currency bill has been undergoing continued discussion. A large number of bills were introduced in the House. Bills were passed as follows: making Rockport, Mass., a port of delivery; relieving certain soldiers from the charge of desertion; and fixing at one cent for each ounce the rate of postage on second class mail matter, when sent by persons other than the publisher or newspaper agent. It was attempted to make the Mexican War pension bill a special order for the 21st inst, and during the effort the House was left without a quorum, and all attempts to secure one during the night were unsuccessful. The attempt also failed, to make the copyright bill a special order for Wednesday of next week. The vote did not much more than show the indifference of Congress to the subject The treaty with Mexico is dead. The report of the operation of the civil service reform act is in the hands of the President, and will soon be presented to Congress.

AT THE STATE HOUSE.

The House ordered to a third reading the Senate bill to establish a new registry of deeds at Fitchburg. The bill for free text books in schools is before the same branch. Amendments were offered to the elevated road bill, in the Senate judiciary committee, to which both parties in interest agreed, for the better protection of abutters. A new draft of the bill, with these amendments incorporated, is to be presented. The Senate labor committee reported adversely on the Governor's recommendation, that, manufacturing corporations be compelled by law to pay their operatives weekly. The report is expected to cause much debate. The bill transferring the jurisdiction of divorce cases from the Supreme to the Superior Court was ordered to a third reading. Among the most important of committee hearings is that for the establishment of a reformatory for male prisoners. A petition was presented in the House for a law to regulate the practice of medicine.

Milk Supply in Large Cities.—Many of our readers will no doubt be interested and profited in hearing a lecture upon the milk supply of large cities (not adulteration) to be given by Dr. T. Chester Morris of Philadelphia before the "Society of Arts" at the Mass. Institute of Technology on Thursday evening of next week, Feb. 27. Dr. Morris has investigated the subject thoroughly, and has many facts of great value and interest relating to the character and production of milk which he will communicate. A warm invitation to be present is extended to all interested in the subject, and who is not? either as a producer or consumer.

Massachusetts Horticultural Society.—At the meeting for discussion to be held Saturday, Feb. 23, the subject will be "The Dandelion; its position as a vegetable, its varieties, with their qualities. Culture of Asparagus, Spinach, and Brussels Sprouts," by W. D. Philbrick. The meetings will be held at the Library Room, Horticultural Hall, Tremont Street, Boston, at 11 o'clock. All interested are freely and cordially invited to attend.

Nearly every large manufacturing and railroad corporation in the State has memorialized the Legislature in opposition to any law fixing weekly payments of wages, describing it as "inexpedient in theory, partial in its application, wasteful in practice, of doubtful constitutionality, and calculated to permanently damage the interests of all concerned.

— The Boston Transcript celebrated the 50th anniversary of its birthday, last Tuesday.

☞ The report read at the annual meeting of the Berkshire Life Insurance Company shows that the past year has been, in every respect, one of thrift, growth, encouragement and success. With every year the Berkshire grows in strength, in the extent of its field of beneficence and in the number of its friends. The Pittsfield *Sun* says: "Here at home where we all know the management, it would be impossible for it to increase its standing in the confidence of the community. The Berkshire Life is the local model of honesty, integrity, economy and sound sense in business dealings and management."

— Prince Bismarck has returned to the German Minister at Washington the resolutions passed by Congress on the death of Herr Lasker, a distinguished German Liberal, who died a few months ago in this country, with an accompanying request that the resolutions be returned to the House of Representatives, the position of Herr Lasker in Germany not being one, in his opinion, to justify the resolutions. The London Times thinks this will by no means be the last of it.

☞ Every dairy farmer should be on the lookout for the apparatus in which to set his milk that will yield the greatest net profits. The Cooley Creamer has stood the tests of several years, proving that it has no equal in producing the largest quantity and the best quality of butter. The analysis of the skim milk by Prof. Goessmann, of Mass. Agricultural College, shows less than a quarter of one per cent. of fat left in the milk. No other apparatus has been able to show so perfect a separation of the cream from the milk. The sales of these Creamers are very extensive, both in this country and Europe. Farexample the Cooley Creamer with its products having been awarded more gold and silver medals than all other cream raising apparatus combined.

— On St. Valentine's Day, a number of characteristic epistles were sent through the mail to the Girls' High School Building in Boston; and as this was held to be not the proper post office address of the pupils in attendance at that place, they were enclosed in other envelopes by the master and addressed to the parent or guardian of the girl thus addressed.

☞ "From the worst stages of Heart Disease I consider myself cured by the use of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator—T. M. Towns, Tilton, N. H." 30 years have proved the Heart Regulator a sure remedy. Sold by druggists at $1 per bottle. feb16 2t

— While the oyster industry of the United States possesses very large capabilities, the principal cause of the lack of a rapid development has been the concession that the fishermen have a vested right in the product of the beds. In preserving the interests of the fishermen, there is danger of the well-being of the industry being sacrificed.

☞ VERBINE is composed of the best vegetable ingredients the dispensary of Nature furnishes. They are extracted in a way which preserves their undiminished medical properties, making it one of the greatest cleansers of the blood that can be put together.

— It has been pertinently asked by those of our citizens who have themselves contributed to the relief of the sufferers by the Western floods, why the legislatures of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania have not promptly taken measures to alleviate the distress of their own citizens. The fashion everywhere seems to be, as soon as people fall into serious trouble of any sort, to telegraph to the mayor of Boston to send on money without delay.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints; after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.* sep1-19teow

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Feb. 14th, by Rev. W. I. Haven, Herbert R. Winchester of Everett to Cretia Baldwin of this city.

In this city, Feb. 14th, by Rev. T. B. Thayer, D. D., Frederic A. Vinal to Henrietta S. Caverly, eldest daughter of Charles and Fannie Caverly.

In West Bridgewater, Feb. 16th, at his house, by Rev. Wm. Brown, Mr. Ernest W. Thayer to Miss Emily J. Ross, both of West Bridgewater.

In Newburyport, Feb. 14th, by Rev. S. J. Spalding, Mr. Silas Foster to Miss Maggie Cheney, both of Newburyport.

In Newburyport, Feb. 18th, by Rev. C. F. Mills, Mr. John Berry to Miss Carrie Willett, both of Newburyport.

DEATHS.

In this city, Feb. 17th, Lewis H. Bradford, 79 yrs.

In Watertown, Feb. 17th, Julia C., widow of the late Stephen C. Bean, 71 years.

In Dorchester Lower Mills, Feb. 17th, Elizabeth, widow of James Drummond, 78 years 3 months.

In Grafton, Feb. 18th, Anna Groat, wife of the late Josiah Hovey Hammond, 76 years.

In Woburn, Feb. 16th, Mary A., wife of B. T. H. Porter, 43 years.

In Lexington, Feb. 18th, Sarah R., wife of Reuben B. Shedricker, 66 years 7 months 13 days.

In Quincy, Feb. 15th, John A. Wood, 80 years 3 months 11 days.

In Newton, Feb. 17th, Emeline, widow of the late Sidney Allen of Newtonville 68 years 14 days.

In Natick, Feb. 17th, Mrs. Philena Bond, 76 yrs.

In Newton Centre, Mass, Feb. 17th, of apoplexy, Rev. George J. Carleton, 77 years.

In Melrose, Feb. 17th, Julia A., wife of James McIntyre, 43 years 10 months 17 days.

In Cambridgeport, Feb 16th, William B. Fosdick, 65 years 4 months.

In Reading, Mass., Feb. 14th, Mr. Moses Goodwin 46 years.

In Woburn, Feb. 15th, Jenny L. Burbeck, 34 years, eldest daughter of Leonard Thompson, Jr.

SOUHEGAN VALLEY MILK PRODUCERS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

President Baker and staff of the New England Milk Producers' Association, were cordially received by that well known hospitality characteristic to New Hampshire farmers at Wilton, to form an auxiliary of the New England Milk Producers' Association. President B. F. Hutchington of Milford called the meeting to order and introduced Mr. B. F. Smith of Waltham, Mass., who gave them a very able address, followed by President Baker, who knows how to handle the milk question in all its details without gloves. Mr. Damon of Lancaster gave interesting information about the farmers creamery in that town, an interchange of thought and a lively interest was maintained throughout the forenoon. A short intermission was taken while the Massachusetts delegates were generously entertained at the hotel near by.

The business meeting at the afternoon session had the right ring to it. A circulating committee was appointed from each town to canvas for signatures of members not present.

Wilton and vicinity is one of the best territories for the production of milk in New England. The milk is all handled by D. Whitney and Sons, who own an extensive butter and cheese factory, which requires from 800 to 1000 cans of milk per day. Three cars are filled for the Boston market. There are some dozen towns in this association, but it is proposed to have smaller organizations which can be better managed and attended with less expense.

Everything looks as well as the most sanguine could wish; with the Senate and House, "the Press," State Board of Health, and State Board of Agriculture, all in favor of this great reform.

You will hear from us next in the western part of the State. C. D. T.

*Wilton, N. H. Feb.*16, 1884.

☞ A torpid liver, a stomach out of order, digestive apparatus weak, and the brain in consequence of these disorders, over sensitive to exertion or any unusual circumstance, and the formula for a "crank" is complete. Ayer's Pills will rouse up the liver, regulate the functions of the stomach and bowels, the tired brain will be relieved, and the head resume its wonted level.

— London Punch is at present engaged in showing up, in a comically pictorial manner, the condition of the British public mind in relation to Egypt. It presents a muzzled lion, with Gladstone as its keeper; the recent massacre in the Soudan appears in the distance, with John Bull standing by Gladstone and saying—"Unmuzzle him at once!"

MINISTERS SOUND ITS PRAISE.

Rev. Mr. Greenfields, Knoxville, Tenn., writes as follows: "Samaritan Nervine has recently cured my son of epileptic fits." Here's food for thought. Sold by druggists. $1.50.

— In London there is a universal outcry at the clubs, in the saloons, and throughout the press, against the lack of any defined policy of the government in regard to Egyptian affairs. The recent massacre in the Soudan, within sight of British armed vessels, has made the blood hasten on its course in a great many veins.

☞ Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound ranks first as a curative agent in all complaints peculiar to women.

— Victor Hugo has contributed one thousand dollars for the relief of the poor of Paris.

☞ "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, and Throat troubles. *Sold only in boxes.*

Domestic Markets.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

Wholesale Prices.

Beans.—Are firm, and yellow eyes continue scarce. Choice large hand-picked pea at $2 70@2 75 ₩ bbl; choice New York small hand picked do at $2 60@2 65; common to good at $2 40@2 50; choice small hand-picked pea Vermont at $2 90@3 00; choice screened do at $2 30@2 50; hand-picked medium at $2 70@2 75 ₩ bbl, and choice screened do at $2 60@2 65; common do at $2 25@2 40; German medium beans at $2 25@2 40; do peas at $2 50@2 60; choice large white yellow eyes at $3 30@3 40; old-fashioned yellow eyes at $3 20@3 25. Canada peas at 85@90c for common roasting, and $1 10@1 12 for choice. Split peas at $6 25 ₩ bbl; green peas at $5 50@5 75; and for choice Western, and $1 00@1 15 for Northern.

Fruit.—No 1 Baldwins at $3 50@4 00 ₩ bbl; No. 2 do at $2 25@2 50; Western at $3@3 25 ₩ bbl; common grades, No. 1 at $2 50@3 00 ₩ bbl, and No. 2 at $2 00@2 25 ₩ bbl; fancy varieties at $4 00@5 50. Malaga grapes at $5 00@6 50 ₩ bbl for light weight; heavy weights at $7 00@9 00. Evaporated russets at 12@15c ₩ lb; fancy higher, and Northern and

Twin Foes to Life

Are Indigestion and Constipation. Their primary symptoms are among the most distressing of minor human ailments, and a host of diseases, speedily resultant from them, mutually aggravate each other and assail at once the whole machinery of life. Nausea, Foul Breath, Sour Stomach, Dizziness, Headaches, Bilious Fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Kidney Diseases, Piles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dropsy, and various Skin Disorders, are some the symptoms and maladies caused by derangement of the stomach and bowels.

A Thorough Purgative

medicine is the first necessity for cure. Then the cathartic effect must be maintained, in a mild degree, just sufficient to prevent a recurrence of costiveness, and at the same time the liver, kidneys and stomach must be stimulated and strengthened.

Ayer's Pills

Accomplish this restorative work better than any other medicine. They are searching and thorough, yet mild, in their purgative action. They do not gripe the patient, and do not induce a costive reaction, as is the effect of other cathartics. Withal, they possess special properties, directly, hepatic and tonic, of the highest medicinal value and

Absolutely Cure

All diseases proceeding from disorder of the digestive and assimilatory organs. The prompt use of AYER'S PILLS to correct the first indications of costiveness, averts the serious illnesses which neglect of that condition would inevitably induce. All irregularities in the action of the digestive organs weakened by long-continued dyspepsia, one or two of AYER'S PILLS daily, after dinner, will do more good than anything else.

Leading Physicians Concede

that AYER'S PILLS are the best of all cathartic medicines, and many practitioners, of the highest standing, customarily prescribe them.

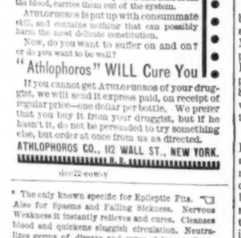
AYER'S PILLS,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

[Analytical Chemists]

For sale by all Druggists.



Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Women. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It will restore the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

It Physicians Use it and Prescribe it Freely.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of humor from the blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of man woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3c. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists. (1)

Athlophoros

ATHLOPHOROS is a novel word to most people who speak the English language. The Greeks used it centuries ago, meaning by it "THE PRIZE-BEARER."

ATHLOPHOROS is the first and only medicine which has carried off the prize as the perfect remedy for Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

Like two relentless tyrants they have for ages held their suffering victims in an iron grip. Those poor sufferers have been as slaves in the power of their oppressors.

ATHLOPHOROS has entered the arena, engaged in conflict with the monsters, and won the victory. As the competitors in the Grecian games of old were only by the most severe trials of ability and endurance, so ATHLOPHOROS has won the prize, not alone by giving temporary relief, but by bestowing an enduring cure, as well, to those who have suffered the excruciating agonies of Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

ATHLOPHOROS is a novelty, not only in name, but in its elements. It is unlike any preparation yet introduced.

ATHLOPHOROS acts on the blood, muscles and joints, removing the poison and acid from the blood, carrying it out of the system.

ATHLOPHOROS is put up with consummate skill, and contains nothing that can possibly harm the most delicate constitution.

Now, do you want to suffer on and on? or do you want to be well?

"Athlophoros" WILL Cure You!

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed.

ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

A SKEPTIC SAID

ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores. Eliminates Boils, Carbuncles and Scalds. Permanently and promptly cures pimples, in brief, is a cleansing and healthful Aperient. Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers. Changes bad breath to good, removing the cause. Routs bilious tendencies and makes clear complexion. Equalled by none in the delirium of fever. A charming resolvent and a matchless tentative. It drives Sick Headache like the wind. Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates. Believes

THE GREAT

NERVE CONQUEROR

the brain of morbid fancies. Promptly cures Rheumatism by routing it. Restores life-giving properties to the blood. Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders. Reliable when all others fail. Re-freshes the mind and invigorates the body. Cures dyspepsia or money refunded.

NEVER FAILS

Disease of the blood own it a conqueror. Endorsed in writing by over fifty thousand citizens, clergymen and physicians in U. S. and Europe.

For sale by all leading druggists. $1.50. The Dr. S. A. Richmond Medical Co. Props., St. Joseph, Mo. (3)

Charles N. Crittenton, Agent, New York City.

FREE VALENTINE PACKAGE.

To introduce our goods and secure future trade, we will send you free of charge, if you will send 20c. in stamps for postage, &c., 5 pretty Valentine Cards, 1 Delicate sentimental Valentine, 3 Comic Valentines, a beautiful gilt-bound floral Autograph Album illustrated with birds, flowers, ferns, &c., a handsome Photographic Album of all the places of interest in New York, Brooklyn Bridge, etc., also our new 50-Page illustrated book. Offer limited to March 10th. C. S. MANUF'G CO., HARTFORD, CONN. feb23-1t

THE WESTERN

FARM MORTGAGE CO

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

First Mortgage Farm Loans. Prompt payments in N.Y. Exchange. Interest dates from deposits. Satisfaction guaranteed. Large Experience. No Losses. Send for circular, testimonials and sample forms.

E. F. Perkins, Pres. | N. F. Hart, | L. P. Perkins, Sec. & Treas. | Atchison, Kan. | C. W. Gilfillen, Treas. | N. Y. Office, 151 Broadway. | G. C. Sims & Son, Agents.

feb23-13teow

LOVE

COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE. Wonderful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single, securing health, wealth and happiness to all. This handsome book of 160 pages mailed for only 10c. by The Union Publishing Co., Newark, N.J. feb23-4t

NEWS SUMMARY.

Chicago had a $150,000 blaze Saturday night.

There was a $21,000 fire at Andover, Mass., on Sunday.

The Boston contributions to the flood sufferers amount to nearly $11,000.

There was a serious fire at Prescott, Arizona, on Saturday: one man was burned to death.

A mad cow belonging in North Truro was shot last week after running wild several days.

It is said that Gen. Grant will soon go South unless the weather improves. He is suffering from rheumatism.

John L. Eggett's straw board mill at Middle Grove, Saratoga county, was burned last Friday night. Loss $80,000.

Mrs. Sarah Davis, who had worked in the cotton mills in Biddeford and Saco fifty one years, died a few days since.

C. G. Sawyer & Son's corn canning factory at Wilton, Me., was burned Saturday noon. Cause unknown. Loss $3000; insured for $1200.

The foot and mouth disease has made its appearance at Deering and Falmouth, Me., near Portland. It was probably introduced by cattle imported from Europe.

The roof of the retort house of the Charleston Gas Works fell in Sunday morning, killing John McGann and injuring Cornelius McGowan and Edward Ciarkin.

David McCartney, aged 16, a son of Rev. A. McCartney, pastor of the Methodist Church, skated into a hole in Laurel Lake, Lee, on Saturday and was drowned.

It cost the city of Boston last year $11,784.44 to entertain distinguished strangers and $5065.64 for entertaining distinguished persons visiting the Foreign Exhibition.

The flour warehouse of E. Lathbury & Co, Philadelphia, Pa., was burned Saturday evening. Twelve or fifteen thousand barrels of flour were consumed. Loss, $50,000.

William Hayes of Peabody, charged with an attempt to blow up the residence of Frank E. Farnham on the night of the 6th inst., was, on Satnrday, held in $10,000 for trial.

Charl a Storms (colored), aged 60 years, who lived at 24 Norman street, committed suicide Monday by jumping overboard from West Boston Bridge. The body was recovered.

John Hanson of 14 Cross street, East Somerville, accidently shot himself in the head with a pistol, Monday. He was taken to the General Hospital. The wound is not dangerous.

A runaway horse overtook the Hinsburg Vt., stage on Friday and leaped into the vehicle, badly injuring Mrs. T. A. Wheeler of Burlington. The other passengers were terribly frightened, but not hurt.

Scarlet fever is raging at Ware. Michael Houlihan lost two young children on Tuesday and a third on Friday. In many sections of the town whole families of children are dangerously ill with the fever.

The packing shop of the Portland Packing Company at Saccarappa was burned Saturday night, with 1700 cans of corn and 100,000 empty cans. Work had commenced that day. Loss not known; fully insured.

The building No. 110 and 112 Madison street, Chicago, occupied by C. Jeone, grocery importer, and Chas. Giantz, importer of furs, was burned Saturday night. The losses will aggregate $150,000 covered by insurance.

James E. Harris, an employe of the Parker House, Boston, was accidentally shot in the shoulder by a revolver on Monday. The weapon fell from a shelf and was discharged, the ball lodging in the upper part of the left shoulder.

A. M. Clapp and Wolfred Hunt, freight conductors of the Boston and Albany Railroad, are in custody in Springfield charged with robbing freight cars. It is thought they have been engaged in the business for some time.

Charles H. Rugg, the negro awaiting trial for the murder of the Maybee family and the assault upon Mr. and Mrs. Townsend of Long Island, escaped from the Queen's County Jail about 10 o'clock Sunday night.

A snow slide near the Ontario mine, Park City, destroyed the house of William Rich, killing his three children and fatally wounding his wife. The slide struck the house of John Harris, killing his wife and wounding him.

Bishop Hare received a telegram announcing that the Santee Mission building near Yankton, Dak., an extensive structure, consisting of the church, the missionary's house and St. Mary's boarding school for girls, was all burned down. The fifty inmates are all safe.

Ten more brakemen and freight conductors on the Worcester and Springfield division of the Boston and Albany Railroad were arrested in Springfield Saturday night for stealing freight from cars and will be arraigned to morrow in the Police Court. The two conductors arrested Friday night have turned State's evidence.

Mrs. Mary Nason, 24 years old, of Boston while suffering from an incipient attack of delirium tremens, Saturday afternoon, jumped from a rear window in the second story of the house to the ground, holding her infant in her arms. Her right leg was broken, for which she was taken to the City Hospital. The child escaped unhurt.

While a colored young woman of Williamsburg, N. Y., was out walking with her mother Saturday evening, she was seized and carried away. Her mother died almost immediately from fright. Sunday morning the girl was rescued from her abductors, and they were arrested. They were Mr and Mrs. Baylis, prominent Methodists of Port Jefferson, N. Y.

Thomas Sulli van, a milkman, was probably fatally shot Saturday night in the Canal street saloon of Patrick Hickey by Patrick McGowan, a bartender. Both men are prominent members of the John J. O'Brien Republican faction and had quarreled over political matters early in the evening, when Sullivan had the best of it. McGowan withdrew, but afterward returned and fired three shots into Sullivan's body.

A gentleman just down from Poplar River, Dak., says the reports of starvation are not exaggerated. Seven thousand have nothing but a little flour, all game having disappeared. Their dogs and ponies have been killed and eaten. In 60 days, without relief, all must starve to death. A fear of the massacre of the agents and post traders is expressed.

— The Mexican Central Railroad Company is trying the experiment of building its own freight cars, their frame work being of oak from the company's forest at Nardo, while the pine comes from other forests in Michoacan.

— More than one hundred caribou are said to have been killed by hunters, this winter, along the course of the St. John River in Maine. Six herds have been seen at one time.

— A bill is all ready for the consideration of Congress, establishing a railroad commission to regulate inter-State commerce.

— The bey of Tunis has granted authority to carry out the scheme of transforming a portion of the Desert of Sahara into an inland sea.

— Boston and Albany Railroad stock is quoted at about 178.

— Senator Hill, of Colorado, says there is no hope of the passage of a postal telegraph bill this session, as the committee find great difficulty in securing the knowledge they derive from the Western Union Telegraph Company. The latter is naturally disinclined to disclose its internal affairs, and evades inquiries of every sort by the committee. He remarks, however, that so far one thing has been ascertained; that the Western Union Company owns and operates but few of the lines it controls, the rest being leased or operated under contract. Of the 13,000 offices, the Company does not operate more than 4000.

— There was a decided increase in the number of contagious diseases in Boston last week.

— Gov. Robinson gave notice that he would hold a public reception on Friday of the present week, being Washington's Birthday, at the Executive Chamber in the State House, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 2 P. M.

— The new Public Library building in Watertown was opened on Mouday, day and evening, to the public, this informal opening taking the place of a formal dedication.

— Pres. Francis A. Walker, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, remarked in a recent address that he conceived the use of mechanical instruction in the public schools to be the development of perception and observation in the pupils, rather than the training of mechanics; and that it should not limit, but rather enlarge, the sphere of avocations by developing an insight into relations and space.

— The general merchandise movement of the country does not manifest any awakening symptoms as yet. The floods in the Ohio Valley are credited with being a large part of the cause of present retardation.

Heart Disease has brought many to an untimely grave. The heart is as liable as other organs to disease; if you have it even in the slightest form use Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. $1 per bottle. feb16-2t

A DANGEROUS AMBUSCADE.

Discovered Barely in Time—The Most Deceptive and Luring of Modern Evils Graphically Described.

(Syracuse Journal.)

Something of a sensation was caused in this city yesterday by a rumor that one of our best known citizens was about to publish a statement concerning some unusual experiences during his residence in Syracuse. How the rumor originated it is impossible to say, but a reporter immediately sought Dr. S. G. Martin, the gentleman in question, and secured the following interview:

"What about this rumor, Doctor, that you are going to make a public statement of some important matters?"

"Just about the same as you will find in all rumors—some truth; so no fiction. I had contemplated making a publication of some remarkable episodes that have occurred in my life, but have not completed it as yet."

"What is the nature of it, may I enquire?"

"Why, the fact that I am a human being instead of a spirit. I have passed through one of the most wonderful ordeals that perhaps ever occurred to any man. The first intimation I had of it was several years ago, when I began to feel chilly at night and restless after retiring. Occasionally this would be varied by a soreness of the muscles and cramps in my arms and legs. I thought, as most people would think, that it was only a cold and so paid as little attention to it as possible. Shortly after this I noticed a peculiar catarrhal trouble and my throat also became inflamed. As if this were not variety enough I felt sharp pains in my chest, and a constant tendency to headache."

"Why didn't you take the matter in hand and check it right where it was?"

"Why doesn't everybody do so? Simply because they think it is only some trifling and passing disorder. These troubles did not come all at once and I thought it unmanly to heed them. I have found, though, that every physical neglect must be paid for and with large interest. Men cannot draw drafts on their constitution without honoring them sometime. These minor symptoms I have described, grew until they were giants of agony. I became more nervous, had a strange fluttering of the heart, an inability to draw a long breath and an occasional numbness that was terribly suggestive of paralysis. How I could have been so blind as not to understand what this meant I cannot imagine."

"And did you do nothing?"

"Yes, I traveled. In the spring of 1879 I went to Kansas and Colorado, and while in Denver, I was attacked with a mysterious hemorrhage of the urinary organs and lost twenty pounds of flesh in three weeks. One day after my return I was taken with a terrible chill and at once advanced to a very severe attack of pneumonia. My left lung soon entirely filled with water and my legs and body became twice their natural size. I was obliged to sit upright in bed for several weeks in the midst of the severest agony, with my arms over my head, and in constant fear of suffocation."

"And did you still make no attempt to save yourself?"

"Yes, I made frantic efforts. I tried every thing that seemed to offer the least prospect of relief. I called a council of doctors and had them make an exhaustive chemical and microscopical examination of my condition. Five of the best physicians of Syracuse and several from another city said I could die!

It seemed as though their assertion was true for my feet became cold, my mouth parched, my eyes wore a fixed glassy stare, my body was covered with a cold, clammy death sweat, and I read my fate in the anxious expressions of my family and friends."

"But the *finale*?"

"Came at last. My wife, aroused to desperation, began to administer a remedy upon her own responsibility and while I grew better very slowly, I gained ground surely until, in brief, I have no trace of the terrible Bright's disease from which I was dying, and am a perfectly well man. This may sound like a romance, but it is true, and my life, health and what I am are due to Warner's Safe Cure, which I wish was known to and used by the thousands who, I believe, are suffering this minute as I was originally. Does not such an experience as this justify me in making a public statement?"

"It certainly does. But then Bright's disease is not a common complaint, doctor."

"Not common! On the contrary it is one of the most common. The trouble is, few people know they have it. It has so few marked symptoms until its final stages that a person may have it for years, each year getting more and more in its power and not suspect it. It is quite natural I should feel enthusiastic over this remedy while my wife is even more so than I am. She knows of its being used with surprising results by many ladies for their own peculiar ailments, over which it has singular power."

The statement drawn out by the above interview is amply confirmed by very many of our most prominent citizens, among them being Judge Reigel, and Col. James S. Goodrich, of the *Times*, while Gen. Dwight H. Bruce and Rev. Prof. W. F. Coddington, D. D., give the remedy their heartiest endorsement. In this age of wonders, surprising things are quite common but an experience so unusual as that of Dr. Martin's and occurring here in our midst, may well cause comment and teach a lesson. It shows the necessity of guarding the slightest approach of physical disorder and by the means which has been proven the most reliable and efficient. It shows the depth to which one can sink and yet be rescued and it proves that few people need suffer if these truths are observed.

FARM FOR SALE,

In Groton, Mass.

The subscriber offers his Farm for sale, located in Groton, Mass., containing 140 acres of good land; one of the best Farms in Middlesex county. Will keep 20 Cows and 2 Horses the year round; one of the best orchards in town; sold $1000 worth of apples the past year. The buildings are all in good condition. House nearly new, Barn 100 by 40; within 5 minutes walk of Lawrence Academy, Churches, High School and Depot. The produce from this Farm the past 3 years has been $3000; each year milk sold at the door for Boston market or creamery in town. One-half the money can remain on mortgage at five per cent. This Farm is worthy the attention of any one wanting a first class Farm. Call or address,

FRANK F. WOODS,

feb23-M1-M15 Groton, Mass.

STRAWBERRIES.

124 FINE PLANTS FOR ONLY $1.00.

25 PLANTS each of Wilson, Sharpless, Cumberland and Bidwell, and a copy of a large seven-page book telling how to grow all kinds of Fruits, Flowers, Etc.; also how to destroy all Insects that trouble Trees, Fruits, Plants, Etc. All of the above for only $1.00, and every person who sends their order before March 10th, will receive free 12 Plants each of JAMES VICK, MANCHESTER, the leading new varieties. Book will be sent upon receipt of money; plants in April. Now this offer to your neighbors and get 100 plants for $50.00 in cash prizes to the three persons sending the most orders.

E. W. WELD, Nurseryman, Jamestown, N. Y.

feb23-4

13 EARLY CLUSTER QTS. NEW BLACKBERRY

FROM A Single Hill

For $5 address its and testimonials; FIRST-CLASS Catalogue—FREE. PRODUCTIVITY Large Quantity. Rust Proof. Hardy. Beautiful golden yellow berries were the best I ever tasted.—*Farm & Garden.* Berries measured and weighed. Earliest Large Berry ever sent out.—*Farm Journal.* Earliest and sweet and good.—*Farmer.* Earliest Large Berry in BEST SOUTH Strawberries, Raspberries, Grapes, and a score other Fruit Trees, &c. J. S. COLLINS, Moorestown, N. J.

F23M1t22

ALL FOR 30 CENTS

1 pkg each of Sugar Trough gourd, Prize Double Dwarf Nasturtium, Snow Ponor, and blotched and striped Petunia. I have grown the gourds by the dozen, and have no hold from four to five pair each. With each order I will send my treatise on fence worms and how to destroy them. Address WALDO F. BROWN, BOX 78, OXFORD OHIO.

feb23-2teow

1884—SPRING—1884.

TREES

Now is the time to prepare your orders for Spring planting. Descriptive Catalogue of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Evergreens, Roses, Bulbs, Plants, ETC. Embracing all desirable Novelties; we offer the largest and most complete stock in America, and guarantee satisfaction. Send for Catalogue. Address, ELLWANGER & BARRY, Mt. Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

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3% LOANS.

For sum of moderate means. Money loaned in any part of the country. Address, with 2-cent stamp, MICHIGAN LOAN & PUB. CO., CHARLOTTE, MICH.

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Cut This Out

and return to us with TEN CTS. & you'll get by mail A GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY, in One Month, than anything else in America. Absolute certainty. Need no capital. H. Young, 170 Greenwich St., N. York.

feb23-4teow

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss. Probate Court.

To all persons interested in the Estate under a deed of trust given by WILLIAM PIERCE and others to LUCY G. JENNINGS, for the benefit of ALMIRA PIERCE, dated May 11th, 1877, and recorded with Norfolk county deeds, Book 507, Page 227.

WHEREAS, CHARLES MORSE, the trustee named in said deed, has presented his petition for license to sell certain real estate therein specified, held by him as such trustee.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the second Tuesday of March next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted. And said trustee is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Massachusetts Ploughman, a newspaper printed at Boston, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Suffolk, ss Probate Court.

To the next of Kin, Creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of SALLY B. ROBERTS, late of Rock Creek, in the State of Kansas, widow, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to FRANKLIN B. REED, of Boston, in said county of Suffolk.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on Monday, the tenth day of March, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same. And the applicant is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this Citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in a newspaper called the Massachusetts Ploughman, published at said Boston, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, JOHN W. McKIM, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.

ELIJAH GEORGE, Register.

VIRGINIA FARMS & MILLS

For free REAL ESTATE JOURNAL, address R. E. CHAFFIN & CO. Richmond, Virginia

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CARDS. 50 assorted, Chromos (new) with name and 5 latest songs, 10c. Capital Card Co., Hartford, Conn. dec31-cow13t

What Consumers Say

OF THE

PEARL OF SAVOY POTATO.

Young's Hotel and Adams House, Boston, Feb. 15, 1884.

Messrs. Joseph Breck & Son, Nos. 51, 52 and 53 North Market St., Boston, Mass.

Gents: Permit us to thank you for the privilege of testing your new potato, the PEARL OF SAVOY. The uniform size and superior quality of the potato was most satisfactory, and if to be obtained at a fair price next season we will use the PEARL OF SAVOY exclusively at both our hotels.

HALL & WHIPPLE,
Proprietors of Young's Hotel and Adams House.

Parker House, Boston, Feb. 15, 1884.

Messrs. Joseph Breck & Son, Nos. 51, 52, 53 North Market St., Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: We received the new potatoes, called the PEARL OF SAVOY, sent us by your firm, and have served the same at our tables. It is a remarkably fine potato, and we shall be only too glad to purchase a supply of the PEARL OF SAVOY at the highest market rate for the choicest potato.

HARVEY D. PARKER & Co.,
Proprietors of the Parker House.

This new variety is the result of a Hybridization of the two favorite sorts, **CLARK'S NO. 1 and EXTRA EARLY VERMONT**; it retains the good qualities of both, and is a great improvement over either sort. The tubers are oblong, fair and of large size; the flesh is of a most beautiful pearl white, and very mealy, and its hardy, vigorous habits exempt it from disease when many old varieties succumb; it is from fifteen to twenty days earlier than the Early Rose and is very productive, yielding from 400 to 600 bushels per acre, under favorable conditions. We have but a limited quantity of this superior new sort, and would advise early orders from all wishing to try it this year. Orders will be filled in rotation as soon as weather will permit.

Price per peck, 75 cents; per bushel, $2.50; per barrel, $5.00.

Our **Elegantly Illustrated Catalogue for 1884, containing 136 pages of New and choice varieties of VEGETABLE, FIELD and FLOWER SEEDS, with colored plates of the New Potato PEARL OF SAVOY.** Also a large line of Agricultural Implements and machines. Will be mailed free to all applicants. It will not be necessary for customers of 1883 to apply, as it will be sent without.

$200 IN CASH PREMIUMS.

PREMIUMS—THE BOWKER FERTILIZER CO'

Having discussed from time to time in their pamphlets the best method of raising potatoes, and also the best method of cutting them, have this year, in conjunction with ourselves, in order to encourage farmers to test the STOCKBRIDGE MANURES and the famous new Potato, PEARL OF SAVOY, decided to offer premiums to the amount of $200.00 for the largest and best crop produced from one bushel of PEARL OF SAVOY POTATOES, the same to be grown entirely on the STOCKBRIDGE POTATO MANURE, which has proved a great success as a potato fertilizer.

For particulars as to how this amount will be divided and the prizes awarded, send for circular.

JOSEPH BRECK & SONS,

51, 52 and 53 North Market Street, Boston.

feb23-1t

The Matchless Swivel Plow.

NO OTHER PLOW HAS SUCH A RECORD.

It has met and defeated every other Swivel Plow of note in use. It turns the furrows all one way leaves no dead furrows or ridges; pulverizes better than any other plow; works equally well on level land or hillside. No farmer should be without it. Send for latest descriptive circular.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

T. B. EVERETT & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO

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Professor Levi Stockbridge.

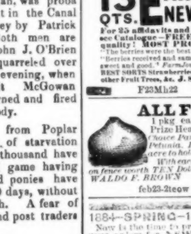
"And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever would make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."—SWIFT.

The originator of the Stockbridge plan of plant feeding, was for a long time a practical farmer in the Connecticut Valley, and afterwards Professor of Agriculture in the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and later its President. His system of plant feeding, based upon the analyses of crops, has done more to popularize the subject of fertilizers and the chemistry of fertilization, than anything in the history of American agriculture. When he announced his system, he explicitly stated that it was but the beginning, and that he expected many changes and modifications would be made as time went by; in short, that the application of the system in ten years would probably be different from that announced in 1875. Nearly ten years have elapsed, and the principle remains the same, viz.,—*to feed plants those elements found by analysis to enter into their composition, and which they do not obtain from the soil or air in sufficient quantity; to feed the plant rather than the soil, and, in the feeding of the plant, to select those forms of plant food which experience has shown are best adapted to produce perfect growth.* This is a theory founded in common sense, and the quantity and form of plant food will be varied from time to time as experience and knowledge light the way to improvement. In some of the manures, it has been found best to increase the Phosphoric acid, and diminish the percentage of nitrogen; but there has been no abandonment of the Stockbridge idea of the special manuring of farm crops, for, like the special feeding of farm stock, it is one of the steps to successful and profitable agriculture. For pamphlet, (free) giving full particulars, ask our local agent, or address,

BOWKER FERTILIZER CO., 43 Chatman St., Boston.

feb16-tf

BURPEE'S MAMMOTH IRONCLAD WATERMELON



As the introducers of the now celebrated Cuban Queen, we bring before the public for the coming season, with all leaves of their Mammoth Watermelon, **BURPEE'S MAMMOTH IRONCLAD**, a handsomely dedited potato of superiority that it will speedily become a popular favorite with all lovers of fine melons. Size for market it is unequaled. The shape is the finest ever seen; skin deep, evenly striped. Flesh beautiful, dainty red, more crystalline than any other variety known. Most delicious, rich flavor; flesh never mealy, always firm, remarkably solid. Burpee's Mammoth Ironclad grows uniformly to a larger size than any other variety known. Under ordinary cultivation we have had hundreds of melons weighing from 60 to 70 lbs. each, and the entire crop averaged 35 lbs. Vigorous growth, matures early, and is the most productive variety known. The melons are borne in great abundance on short vines, and are truly *Ironclad*, and have even been dropped from the shoulder of a man without bursting. The hardiness or tenacity of vitality of this variety is simply wonderful. Without exception the best variety for shipping and keeping. 25c. per pkt.; 4 pkts. $1.00.

$100 IN CASH PRIZES FOR 1884

BURPEE'S GOLDEN HEART LETTUCE. Entirely new; most attractive, mammoth, firm heads, beautiful curled leaves, very handsome golden yellow heart, and remains of superb quality for weeks during hottest weather. Packet, 25c.; 5 packets, $1.00.

A REMARKABLE OFFER! One packet of each of the 50 Cents in postage stamps, we will send one packet each of the two rare novelties above named, alone worth the price, viz.: Burpee's Imp. Hid. Turnip Beet, Burpee's Mammoth Ironclad Melon, Burpee's Surehead Cabbage, Burpee's Surehead Cauliflower, Burpee's Golden Heart Lettuce, Burpee's Improved Lima Bean, Burpee's Mammoth Ironclad Watermelon, Burpee's Red Globe Onion, Burpee's Mammoth Long Blood Beet, Burpee's Improved Orange Carrot, Burpee's Purple Top Munich Turnip, Burpee's Improved Dwarf Essex Rape, Burpee's Golden Heart Lettuce, Burpee's Mammoth Cabbage, Burpee's Surehead Cauliflower

The Poet's Corner.

THE SILVER-WEDDING GUEST.

IN THE CHARACTER OF A CRUSTY OLD BACHELOR

Now that I've come, I wonder why;
I fear I'm somewhat out of place here;
For, spite of all that I can try,
Mine is the one uncheerful face here;
Each other wears a happy smile,
And all seem mutually delighted;
I stand apart, and all the while
Just wonder why I was invited.

They'll think, perhaps, 'tis envy or
Regret that makes me dumb and crusty;
They'll say, "The poor old bachelor,
He's grown so very dull and musty,
No beaming glance, no social art,
Nor strain of lively music flowing,
Can warm the thing he calls his heart,
Or set his languid blood a-glowing."

Regret? Well, if the truth were shown,
That man could hardly be called human
Who at some moment has not known
The tenderness evoked by woman;
And sometimes—But what folly this,
One's spooney boyhood to remember!
What's worth a thirty-year cold kiss,
Or dream of May-time in December?

What ails my glasses?—misty? Pshaw!
This waking up of slumbering feeling,
'Tis like a January thaw,
That's followed by a worse congealing.
I feel the ice about my heart,
Begin to melt a bit and soften,
And frozen buds of memory start—
Thank Heaven, it doesn't fool me often!

And yet, my friends, I'm not so cold,
So dead to pleasureable sensations,
That I could bring me to withhold
My dumb but warm congratulations.
'Tis not my way to gush in speech,
My thoughts through wordy phrases spreading,
But in my heart wish joy to each
Upon your happy Silver Wedding.

Long be your days upon the earth,
By fortune neither spoiled nor sated!
Bright burn the fires upon your hearth
(The phrase is good, though antiquated)!
I drink your health—and beg to say
How greatly I shall be delighted,
If to your Golden-Wedding day
The grim old bachelor's invited!

—[Harper's Monthly for March.

Ladies' Department.

DOLLY'S LAST FLIRTATION.

I am Kitty, and Dolly is my twin-sister. I was always sedate, mother used to say; but Dolly was giddy, and fond of flirting.

When we were seventeen, Dolly became engaged, with our mother's consent, to Frank Wilmot, a young fellow of twenty-four, son of a banker, free and cheery in manner and disposition. He was very indulgent to Dolly, for he felt so confident of her love, and was himself so loyal and sincere that the admiration she excited was his triumph; the freedom with which she received and encouraged it never pained him, though mother and I used to watch her with serious anxiety.

Sometimes our mother would say a few impressive words; then Dolly would throw her arms round her, and with kisses assure her she would be a better girl, or she would pout a little, with tears in her bright blue eyes. She would be very demure through two balls, and at the third worse than ever; scarcely could Frank get one waltz for himself.

One evening he brought to our house a cousin of his, a barrister, a man some years older than himself. He was rather famous, though only thirty, being an acute lawyer, and consequently looked up to at the Bar.

Dolly owned to me that evening that Frank had confided to her that I was Jack Dacre's ideal woman.

'So don't blush so angrily, darling,' said she, 'for it would be the most delightful arrangement. He is Frank's ideal man and dearest friend. It would be the happiest thing for us all!' And Dolly gave me a hug and a kiss, and ran off to bed.

Mr. Dacre came very often after that one visit, and I soon found that he was my ideal man, for he strangely resembled my father, both in manners and his chivalrous courtesy to women, as well as in appearance. It was with a chill at my heart that I was the first to make the discovery that he was falling in love with Dolly—he, the soul of honor, seemed bewitched by the charms of his chosen friend's affiance! I was very unhappy before he did, but of course not before Dolly, who had a genius for unerringly detecting every symptom, however obscure, of dawning love, either in her own case or another's.

My mother and Frank were utterly blind to the danger. I was very unhappy, and exceedingly sorry for Dolly, for Frank, for Mr. Dacre, and, I own it, for myself. As I said, I had not fallen in love with Frank's cousin, I must say he was the only man I had seen whom I felt I could fall in love with.

An accident brought matters to a climax. We were sitting in the drawing room after dinner one evening, when a noise in the street drew us to the window. The pole of a carriage had entered the shoulder of a cab-horse. Dolly became ill and faint at the sight, and Mr. Dacre, who was at her side, threw his arm round her to save her from falling. He led her to a sofa, and stood aside as Frank drew near her; but from that night he never came no more. He and I only had seen the half-petulant way in which Dolly had turned from Frank, had caught another expression on her face, had seen her vivid blush.

From that evening she became cold, petulant, teasing to Frank. At first he laughed, then was hurt, and finally the engagement was broken off. This is soon told, but what my mother and I suffered must be imagined. I dared neither to tell her the truth nor to hint to Dolly that I knew to whom her heart was given, though I loved her so dearly; and I felt so sure that this was the first true love of her life. This determined, decided, somewhat stern man was sure to charm our little butterfly, if she noticed him at all.

Mother and I arranged that Dolly should go away on a short visit. Frank was to come one evening to return the letters Dolly had sent him. They would not feel the abruptness of this rupture so much as if they were pieced personally by him in my hands; and I had his letters also to give him. Mother was quite unequal to seeing him, for she loved him dearly and the task was left to me. I was not sorry, for I felt I could say all that was likely to comfort him, loving both of them so deeply.

So poor Frank produced his sorrowful little packet, received the one I had for him, and stood leaning against the chimney-piece, while I sat quite unable to utter a word, but with tears dropping quietly from my eyes. At last he told me that he knew Dolly had been faithless to him. He felt sure she and Jack Dacre loved each other; and he spoke so humbly of himself, and as if it was quite to be expected that his cousin should be preferred above any other man, that I was greatly touched, and my tears fell faster and faster.

'Jack is the soul of honor, Kitty; but I must make it clear to him that he is free to do as his heart dictates. His and her happiness must not be wrecked. I will get my father to send me to our branch house in India, and will not return till they are married. Jack is rich enough to marry at once. I shall embark on Thursday.'

Then he charged me with tender blessings for Dolly, and, at his request, I went to ask my mother to bid him farewell. Presently she glided in, pale as death. She held out her trembling hand in silence; but Frank folded her in his arms, and she sobbed on his breast. I stood by with my tears; and when we were somewhat calmer, Frank embraced us both finally, and, placing me in my mother's arms, left us. Poor fellow, how brave he was, how gentle and patient!

In a month from that time Dolly was affianced to Mr. Dacre, and the marriage was arranged to take place at the beginning of the long vacation. We were all three convinced that it was the best thing that could happen. No one could see Dolly and doubt that this was the only man she had loved. His calm intense character impressed her, his great talents awed her; and her pretty innocent pride in her manly lover, her meekness and quietness, were most promising symptoms of happiness in her married life.

Dear mother was so supremely happy! I was very fond of my new brother; he was such a power for good and peace in our home that we never had been so contented before. Frank wrote freely to us, manly patient letters, full of unselfish interest in all around him. His sorrow had sweetened, not embittered his character. He had set himself to alleviate his anguish by doing good, and his first act on reaching his destination had been to use his keen commercial gifts for the welfare of the widow and children of an officer in the Army, and, at the cost of time, talent, and energy, to rescue her small fortune from unsafe hands and invest it profitably. His letters were filled with similar incidents, naturally and simply told, and our affection increased for this truly brave man.

Dolly's godmother took it into her head that it was her godchild's duty to pay her a farewell visit before her marriage. Though, as she had never troubled herself much about us, we were rather startled at this demand, we all thought it would be best to accept the invitation—for my sister was not looking well—and it was settled that she should go and spend a month with the old lady in her lovely North Country home. Mr. Dacre was pressed to go as often as his professional engagements would permit; so Dolly left us in pretty good spirits, in charge of the elderly servant who was our substitute for a regular ladies' maid.

She wrote to tell us how she was enjoying the repose and beauty of the country. Mr. Dacre had managed to run down from Saturday till Monday at the end of the first week, and had of course made a great impression, but was afraid he could not come again—a long case was pending at Westminster. The letter which followed this I give in its integrity:

'Hiswood, July 20.

'Dearest Kitty,—I hope you will get this in time to send my hat here instead of to grandmama's. I am on a fortnight's visit to Lady Millicent North. Such a charming woman—a widow about twenty eight years old! She pursuaded Mrs. Lloyd to let her have me for a week or two; and, as her daughter-in-law, a confirmed invalid, was coming to spend just that time with her, the old lady would not hear of me out of the way, I know. I can't write much, for the post leaves here at eight, and we drop our letters into the hall box as we go into dinner. I expect the gong every minute. This place is lovely, and the new Baronet—Sir Charles—is the dearest—. The gong! Your own Dolly.'

I felt uneasy concerning this letter. I was sorry Dolly should have left her godmother's quiet home to visit a gay young widow just as she was sobering down and growing such a thoughtful little love. It might unsettle her again to pass a fortnight in a country-house with a fascinating Baronet; and I knew Jack Dacre would never permit, never pardon the smallest suspicion of flirting. He had pardoned her defection in Frank's case, for Frank himself had pleaded eloquently, saying that she was so very young, so naturally affectionate. But mamma and I felt sure that not for one hour would he permit the slightest approach to disloyalty to his deep tenderness for his girlish betrothed. Neither her youth, her love of fun, nor her merry heart would plead one atom in her favor; so I read this letter with a heavy heart. My answer was as follows—

"Dearest Dolly,—Your letter reached me in time to have the box sent to Highwood. You will receive it soon after this reaches you. Write very fully, for your letter was tantalising. Send me a full description of every one, for you have roused my curiosity as to 'Sir Charles,' who is 'the dearest—'"

The rest of my letter contained homenews, and I need not transcribe it. But Dolly's answer I will transcribe—

'You ask me for a description of everybody, darling. Lady Millicent is very beautiful, very clever, and devotedly attached to this Sir Charles; but I feel sure her heart is buried in the grave of her noble husband. I send her photo, so need waste no words in describing her.

'Sir Charles is very fascinating, though I fear my description may not predispose you in his favor; but you beg me to be particular. He is short and stout, has a very fine head, but rather thin light hair, blue eyes, good mouth, but not much of a nose—in fact, it is all tip—very nice hands and feet. He is, I believe, very talented, but does not employ his gifts, seldom talks, never reads, is a little fond of eating. In spite of these drawbacks, he is very charming, and all the girls far and near make a great deal of him. Of course he is rich. He likes Lady Millicent as I live in the house. She has complete influence over him.'

I was much relieved after reading this letter. I felt so easy in my mind that I told Dolly how I had feared for her.

'But,' I wrote, 'of course you never could really admire a fat little man, who never reads or talks, and with a nose all tip, and who cares for nothing but eating.'

It turned out that the most unfortunate thing I could have done was to confess my fears to my provoking sister. She answered me by vehemently declaring that Sir Charles was the most lovable fellow she had met for a long time, and really was so excited that I posted a letter to her at once.

'You distress me, Dolly. You know Mr. Dacre would never forgive you if he saw your letters. I hide them even from mother. Oh, pray do think before you madly risk the loss of his love, for that will follow the very hour he loses his high opinion of you!'

This is how Dolly answered my tender appeal—

'What a lecturing little thing you are getting, Kitty! I am very much attached to Sir Charles, and, if Jack is ever so angry, I can't help it.'

Thus flippantly the letter ran on.

I was really angry and distressed, but resolved to try no more lectures; they clearly made matters worse. So, the next time I wrote, I gave a full description of a day we had spent in court, hearing Mr. Dacre plead. I described his dignified appearance, his easy graceful gestures—above all, I dwelt on the beauty of his nose.

Dolly answered—

'I am quite shocked at you, Kitty, to make such an idol of a nose!'

And then she continued, as usual, about Sir Charles.

Meanwhile Mr. Dacre seemed quite happy, and said he had his daily letters from Dolly as regularly as when she was with Mrs. Lloyd. Was my beloved sister growing deceitful?

I kept all this from my mother; but I grew more and more wretched over Dolly's letters. A picnic would be 'glorious,' for Sir Charles was going. She had spent the whole morning 'quietly with Sir Charles.' Once he was indisposed, and she had 'nursed him, played for him, sung to him.'

Well, I could do nothing more. I resolved to say not another word about him to any one else. I began to dislike the very sound of his name, or rather the sight of it; for Dolly never uttered it should like him as much as every one else did, I made up my mind that I hated him. I wrote one more tender appeal, which I said was my last.

Every Tuesday mother and I had Dolly's letters, but one day there was none by my breakfast plate as usual. Mother read hers.

'Dolly says she has written to you,' she observed presently. 'How can it be that you have not received it?'

Mistakes of the post office are so rare, we could but suppose she had omitted to post it. By the next delivery however I received a letter from Mr. Dacre, containing an enclosure which turned out to be a letter to me from Dolly. A few lines from him ran thus:

"Dear Kitty,—I had read too much of the enclosed before I discovered the mistake. If you receive a letter from Dolly before this reaches you, you will have discovered she has mis-sent the letters. I shall run down to Highwood without loss of time."

I had not received any letter then, but by the second country delivery came one directed to Jack at once. The letter he had read began thus—

"All you say is useless, my darling. I love Sir Charles devotedly, and he has this day declared he loves me. You ask me, Does he know I am engaged? I told him a gentleman was coming to see me; but he seemed little concerned at this piece of information."

So far Mr. Dacre had read, and the mine was sprung.

I locked my room door, and fell back, despairing, into an easy chair. I was resolved to hide all from my mother till Mr. Dacre had seen Dolly. I hunted up Bradshaw and found that a train started about four that would convey him to Highwood by 7.50. If Dolly wrote to me at once, I should get her letter by Thursday; but of course I should hear from Jack on Wednesday. I dreaded every ring, every postman's knock. All day Wednesday passed and no letter arrived from my sister or her lover.

On Thursday morning I ran down when I heard the usual welcome sound. On the table lay a thick letter in Dolly's writing. I ran up to mamma and gave her the one I found enclosed in it for her; then I sat down to read mine, after fortifying myself with a cup of coffee. I must give every word of it:—

'You are well aware that a catastrophe has happened through my heedlessness. The best thing will be for me to describe fully the whole consequences of that misfortune. On our return from the garden party on Tuesday, I found a telegram awaiting me from Jack—'Shall be with you by 7.55.' Of course this awoke no fears in my mind, for I knew Jack might run down at any moment the trains permit. Lady Millicent sent me off at once to be dressed by her artist maid. What she made of me you must have seen to believe, Kitty. I would not look at myself till the whole process was complete; and when I glanced in the long glass, I was really amazed at what I saw. It was the result I now know, of many discussions between Lady Millicent and this gifted young person. You may imagine how I exulted in the thought that Jack would see me look as he had never seen me look before, for I am so improved in health that my whole appearance is changed. Well, the bell rang. Lady Millicent received Mr. Dacre in the morning room, and came to send me down at once.

'I ran down with my heart bounding. I entered the room. I noticed Jack give one start; but he received me in such a very unJack-like manner that I was terrified. 'Mamma—Kitty?' I cried. 'Quite well when I left them,' said Mr. Dacre; but when he placed me in a chair, and took one opposite to me, I felt matters were desperate. 'What's wrong?' I gasped. 'Dearest Jack, pray speak!' Only address,' said he, and put the unfortunate envelope in my hands. 'This contained a letter for your sister, which I, perhaps unfortunately, read before I perceived the mistake. I have just seventeen minutes before I leave for the return train; so if you wish to say anything, let me beg you to speak at once.'

'I sank back in my chair and covered my face with my handkerchief, trembling with agitation. 'Will you hear my explanation?' I stammered. 'Needless; the letter can have but one meaning. I came to release you from your engagement to me. Did this scoundrel know you were engaged?' I covered my face again. To hear Sir Charles North called a scoundrel was too much for me. I did not speak for several minutes; but time was flying fast, and at length I said, 'If this is in truth our last meeting, grant me one favor; say that you will before I tell you what it is. Of course it is a reasonable, honorable request that I have to make; but I own it is not one you will not like to grant.' He paused a moment, then said, 'I will do whatever you ask.' 'I ask you to see Sir Charles North.' He winced, but bowed silently. I left the room to see the baronet. I found him in his own room, intently studying an immense book—but only the illustrations, I believe. I asked him to come with me to speak to a gentleman who was waiting to see him. He flatly refused. Time was rushing on. I knelt by him, implored him. At last I kissed him he yielded.

'Taking my hand in a firm clasp, he descended with me to the room where I had left Mr. Dacre. Jack stood, moody and stern, pale as ashes, where I had left him. We entered. I led Sir Charles toward him. 'Mr. Dacre,' said I, 'let me present you to Sir Charles North, Baronet.' Jack started—paused—seized Sir Charles in his strong arms, and—threw him out of the window?—no, kissed him! For this 'scoundrel,' this 'fat, greedy, idle little man' is the dear little son of Lady Millicent, aged just two years! Now you see, Miss Kitty, you had better have had a little faith in your sister for once. You put all this into my head and I could not resist the joke; but it shall be my last, for never more do I wish to see such a look of pain in the face I love best in all the world.

'Jack did not go back by the return train though he was obliged to leave early this morning; but I do not think I can stay from him one day over a month. Lady Millicent says you must come to take my place. She will write and ask mamma. You will soon be as madly in love with Sir Charles.

And so it proved. I went to stay with Lady Millicent; and of all the darling, quaint noble, chubby little pets I had seen, Sir Charles was the king. At the end of the year Frank returned in time for Christmas. He did not go back to India; he settled in England. He and I were married about six months after Dolly.

We both live in a lovely part of Kent. Dolly's husband pets and loves her devotedly. My husband adds to all his love a delicate homage infinitely precious to me.

'Kitty dearest,' my mother said once to me, 'you and I have tasted the fullest earthly happiness. We both know that reverence is the perfect pearl—the jewel in love's crown; but we must learn it.'

A brave Eton boy spends as much time with us as his mother can bear to spare him and the most welcome guest in Jack Dacre's home is Sir Charles North, Baronet.—[Selected.

THE TARANTULA'S BITE.

(David Lowry in the Chicago Current.)

Among all my acquaintance none seemed happier than Eugene F—. I named him Fortune's Favorite. He had a beautiful and highly accomplished wife; his children were the prettiest and best mannered I have ever met. All the women considered Mrs. F— as near perfection as mortals can achieve; all the men voted Eugene F— as clever a man as one could desire to claim fellowship with. He was rich in associations, in the integrity of a name that commanded the respect of four generations. How few aspiring Americans can say as much. He possesses the advantages a liberal education gives; his place was secured as well as it is possible to assure anything in a country where the wheel of fortune obliterates the accumulations and reputations of generations and lifts men and women out of obscurity in a day. This is to say, the company that employed him was the oldest, most reliable, and the richest organization of its kind in the country. Finally, in addition to a salary of $3000 a year, Eugene had good reason to count upon an inheritance in the near future that could render him independent.

The noteworthy trait fellowship with Eugene F— revealed was his equable spirits, born, as he asserted, of contentment. He was satisfied with his place, his belongings and enjoyments. No man had more to make him happy, he said. No man enjoyed life more philosophically, or fretted himself less over the big or little things beyond his control. It was his equipoise, and, doubtless, his ignorance of the trials and bitter experiences of less favored people that rendered Eugene F— indifferent when the misfortunes and temptations of the poor were discussed. Generous to a fault, he was unable to comprehend the dire necessities that drive the unfortunates to desperation and to death. He was severe—could with difficulty find language strong enough to express his contempt of the average suicide.

A poor man with no employment and failed to find it, weary with fruitless effort, despairing under the world's rebuffs, plunged recklessly into the unknown. The means employed emphasized the poverty of the wretched creature. The newspapers made much of it. It was the item of the day, and proved a base for columns. I dropped in on Eugene one day when his lunch work was done. He had a newspaper in his hand. He threw it down impatiently, angrily, as he handed me a cigar, and pushed me into a seat, saying: 'I am disgusted with you newspaper men. Why do you give so much prominence and space to that horrible suicide? By all accounts the fellow did all that was left for him to do. If he had only displayed common sense when he was about it and adopted easier means! If a man must kill himself why does he disfigure himself or impose unnecessary and horrible agonies such as this poor wretch inflicted upon him self?'

Aside from the fact that I have no patience with the speculation and theory that cuts ground from under every Christian's feet, I was tired. Eugene worked an hour every day. I worked on an average 12 at least, and did more in one hour than Eugene did in three. Since I was close to me that he received at least 10 times more for his mental toil than I did I could afford to permit him to indulge himself in a prolonged dissertation of the 'survival of the fittest.' It pleased him and amused me.

'Now,' he said, at the end of a chapter, 'tell me why a man chooses to kill himself, let us say with a rat poison, should be regarded as much above a rat. Here is another account in this morning's paper of a woman who held her head in a tub of water until she drowned. Tell me a woman who does that is entitled to the benefits of the 19th century? Why, if such people were fairly balanced on the fence round heaven they would hang with their heads downward of course. Human tadpoles, all of them!'

Eugene had a horror of death; cemeteries were his special aversion. He was never known to attend a funeral. He could not bring himself to witness the ceremonies in the house or at the grave. He had a prejudice against burial. 'Why can't everybody have vaults, with nice, pleasing colors on the walls—have the interior as well as the exterior ornamented and made so attractive that people going into them would feel as they do when they enter an attractive chamber with a bed in it?'

'Do you mean the dead?'

'You know well enough I refer to visitors—to the living.'

'I am afraid,' I could not help saying, gravely, 'you have yet to learn, Eugene, that not all the religion, all the learning and all the philosophy in the world can ever make death other than death.'

'But that is no reason why everybody should make death so horrible and grisly. They make it ghastly, and in the same breath tell you it is the way to heaven. The way to heaven ought to be beautiful.'

'Have you forgotten 'Pilgrim's Progress?'

'A piece of rank plagiarism. The idea is thousands of years old.'

'Why do you introduce discords in music?'

'Nonsense!' I'll name you a thousand pieces—famous compositions—without a discord,' Eugene answered. 'The fact is, the world doesn't believe what it professes.'

'Why don't you advocate cremation?' I retorted. 'If your theory is correct, burn 'em all up; burn the whole world and carry 20 generations in a watch-charm.'

A friend called upon Eugene F— and solicited his counsel and services in a business matter. It was a respectable trust. The friend was going abroad to remain for years, perhaps permanently. He owned, jointly with his sister, a piece of property near the great oil belt. It might be worthless, and it might prove very valuable. What the friend required was honest dealing. For himself he did not care. He had great wealth, but his invalid sister was entitled to the value of the land, and to exercise his judgment in disposing of it. He undertook the task with ill-concealed repugnance. He disliked traveling; had a horror of unaired beds and pot-luck. He went to the oil regions in a bad humor. When he returned a great change was noticed in his manner. A month had worked wonders.

'Just think of it,' he said to me, when he dropped in to shake hands in his cheery, hearty way; 'I thought those 600 acres were worth about $5 an acre. At the end of a week I was offered $16,000; in another week it jumped up to $100,000, and finally I let it go for $400,000, half cash, balance in three months.'

It struck us all as a surprising streak of luck, and everybody put it that way; but Eugene, who was a convert to the 'belt' theory, held it was simply a matter of management and business experience and sagacity. He asserted there was abundance of oil territory undeveloped, and his friends were surprised beyond expression when he announced his resolve to demonstrate the correctness of his conclusions. He undertook the task of developing, and, like many an other who started out on the 'belt' theory, he ended 'wild-cating.' In other words he was assisted in the placing of his loans. Incident filled his pockets one night while he slept. He was the possessor of half a million. He was in the middle of the current, a prominent craft in the stream that allured thousands, floated a fraction into safe harbor, and stranded a great majority.

I seldom met Eugene now. We were in different channels. Chance brought us face to face one day in front of the Era office.

'How are you, Ned? Had dinner? Come with me. I want company. No refusal now.'

'Make it tonight, at home, and I'll be on hand.'

'I wish I could; but the truth is, I am so seldom at home now—I don't know when I've spent a night, or rather an evening at home.'

And this was my bookish friend who, a year ago, could not be induced to leave his snug library, or cosy living room, where his wife and children were his chief companions.

Half an hour's conversation proved to me that my friend—the man I had respected and loved—was as dead as the Pharohs. In his place I found a man who seemed a bundle of nerves. He had lost the repose of my old friend, and with it his grace. While it was impossible for Eugene F— to remain either coarse or brusque, his positive manner and tones, his decision, gave him an angularity that was less to be admired than his former ease and urbanity.

'Now you have made your pile, Eugene, I suppose you will be off to Europe some of these days. Possibly we may lose you altogether.'

He looked at me with undisguised astonishment. 'What makes you say that?'

'They say you are worth nearly a million.'

See here—this is in confidence. Ned—they say a great deal that isn't true. But in this instance they are not far wrong. But why should I quit on a million? Have some more mushrooms. This is the only place I can get a decent steak in town.'

I've seen the time you would have been content with a quarter of a million.'

'Yes; in the long ago. Do you know I was a fool in those days. Nature never intended a man should be content. He ought to be just as eager to make his 10th—yes, his 100th million for that matter—as his first. For my part—but mind you don't let your hive know it; I don't care to get them after me—I've no intention of quitting till I've made five millions.'

'You have only another step to take and you will establish your claim to all the privileges enjoyed by the aristocrats.' He laughed.

'No, I am too sensible for that,' he replied 'although, for that matter, you know I always had a leaning to his division.' Then he will be hewers of wood and drawers of water as long as grass grows or water runs.'

'I meant there is danger that one day you will look with contempt on a man with less than ten thousand a year.'

'Don't blame me, my boy,' he replied, in a patronizing manner I immediately resented, 'if I've set my peg for five millions.'

'I've seen the time you were as well off enjoyed the world, literature, art, the society of your friends, and above all, the companionship of your wife and children, and all on less than 3000 a year, for I happen to know you gave liberally and lent freely.

'I can set my repeaters on that myself,' he said. And I've only made the bits count for that stick.'

'How if you fail? You never know when the see saw will bump you on the ground.'

The next day Eugene F— lost 100,000. A week later he was not worth 10. There came out of a contest, such as was never before witnessed before or since between oil operators, mere wrecks of men mentally and morally, physically and financially, chief among whom was Eugene F—. The tarantula's bite had poisoned his life's blood. He was no longer the brisk, neat, scrupulously dressed, quiet mannered gentleman. He was unshaven half the time. His eyes were shifting, never steady, and partly discolored. Star Route and the Keely speculation left their traces, stamped—I should say branded him as an unsuccessful man.

I once heard a man (and he belonged to my own guild, more's the pity), say that all labor was degrading. He cited our great manufacturing centers, pointed to the homes of the workers, the products were very pillars of the earth, so far as its commercial, moneyed and many of its social institutions are concerned, and proved to his own satisfaction that the tendency of all labor was to brutalize, to harden; to destroy the sensibilities. He made the too common mistake of confounding effects with causes. I wonder what this student would say if somebody should cite to him the case of Eugene F—. It might puzzle him to define the precise value of the patent of the nobility he derived through two year's intercourse with the men who govern the world's marts and represent the ramified interests of trade.

Eugene was rushing, he never walked as other men walk now—past me one day, when I caught his arm.

'Hello! How'd'y, old boy?'

'That's precisely the question I have determined to ask you. Come in here and have a glass of wine.' As I led him into a little snuggery few frequented, he answered, 'Permit me to nominate brandy or whisky for mine.'

Looking at him in the face as of old I said:—

'The battle has gone against you.'

'Yes. I haven't a dollar to my name, Ned.' I was amazed. I thought there was something left that he could turn into cash, and I could not help expressing my thought.

'No, no! Nothing of the sort. I could have—in fact I should have—managed differently, and put aside something—a little bit in real estate, or a few bonds—but I didn't.'

'What next?'

'What next?' he repeated dreamily and drearily. 'Oh! I've not made up my mind.'

'Eugene,' I said briskly, 'go back and ask for your old place. I believe its there for the asking. And in six months you will look back on your experiences in oil as a bad dream.'

'You are right, Ned. I always thought you a slow goer, but you are right 9 times out of 10. I'll act on your advice; and I thank you from the bottom of my soul for the interest you manifest in me.'

He was as good as his word. But before the month was out he joined forces with another clerk and made $150 or a turn in oil. He was bobbing up beside the dashing operators inside of a month.

A month later there was a battle royal lasting three days, in which the bulls and bears were so thoroughly mixed and blended that it was with extreme difficulty the best informed observers could determine the relative positions of the horned and clawed competitors. Immense sums were made and lost. On the first day it was reported that Eugene F— cleared $40,000. On the third he was rumored he had accumulated $250,000. At noon, in the presence of a throng of men whose frantic actions and feverish faces exhibited every phase of a gambler's experience, Eugene announced himself 'ahead of the game $300,000,' at 5 o'clock he had not enough money to pay for his lodging.

I was coming out of the Era office about 9 o'clock the next morning. Somebody telephoned from a livery stable there was a good 'item' in Slade's building, a locality well known to the police and press gang. The last were disgusted with the sameness of the 'items' the premises furnished, and concertedly called for strenuous action on the part of the authorities. The morning was wet and chilly—one of those sleety, dismal mornings that drives man and beast into hasty common shelter. I refused to stir at first, then something I have never been able to explain to myself (certainly it was not the fear that our contemporaries would secure an item the readers of the Era would be deprived of) caused me to change my mind. I made my way to the notorious premises indicated, and stumbling into the hallway ran against a policeman.

'He's had an awful time, poor devil. I never saw anybody suffer so much. It was awful—awful.' 'Here's what's the matter, I guess,' said another policeman, as he picked up a small label marked rat poison. The wretch at my feet suddenly drew up his knees, groaned in a horrible manner, and turned fairly upon his back, looking straight upward with an expression so ghastly that we were awe stricken as his soul took its flight.

It was the face of my friend, Eugene F—.

ONE FAITHFUL HEART.

BY L. DIANI FERRI.

In olden times, 'tis said the maids,
Unchanging were, and faithful too;
That lovers ne'er did seek to play
With maidens' hearts as now they do.
That youths could sail to unknown seas,
Most certain that their maids at home,
Were close in grief's dark mantle wrapped
And e'er would be while they did roam.
Ah! many a maid, believing fond and true
Sat wrapped in sombre mantle,
But did he wear one too?
For 'tis indeed most rare,
That sailing youths are true.
Then why such mantle wear
Unless he wear one too.

Yet I do know a darling youth;
And if ye seek him, ye will see,
When distant from the maid he loves,
In grief's sad garb he's sure to be.
Should fortune frown o'er his dear maid,
Or cast her mantle dark with gloom,
He'd seek her out, where e'er she be,
And 'neath those same folds pray for room.
For when the many maids and youths walk two by two,
Beneath life's sombre mantle,
'Tis then the light peeps through.
And many maidens fair,
With youths as fond and true
May life's worse burdens bear
Most merry, two by two.

—[Boston Courier.

THE CROWSNEST GHOST

It would be almost impossible to discover any one more entirely devoid of superstition than myself. Nevertheless, when I was seventeen years old an event happened which caused me to believe mine a haunted life. I was staying in Paris, at the house of my guardian, Sir Charles C—, and dressing for my first ball—a ball at the English embassy. My dress, a triumph of Parisian taste, had been fastened, and I stood before the glass while my maid arranged the flowers in my hair. A splendid bouquet lay beside my gloves and fan upon the toilet table.

"Ah, now mademoiselle is beautiful!" exclaimed my maid Justine in French, as she stepped back to survey her work admiringly.

I blushed with pleasure. It was the first compliment that had been paid me, and my glass told me it was true.

"I wonder who sent me those flowers?" I said, taking up the bouquet preparatory to leaving the room.

"Mademoiselle will doubtless discover her admirer among her partners to-night," was the girl's reply.

At this moment there was a knock at the door. A telegram was handed to me.

"Mrs. Northcote is dangerously ill, and wishes to see her stepdaughter before she dies."

Startled, dismayed, but beyond all measure vexed at receiving such an untimely message, I dropped the paper upon the floor. "Bring me a railway guide—quick!" I said to Justine.

Mrs. Northcote was my stepmother, but we had never met. My father had made a mesalliance out in India by taking a half-caste for his second wife, and when he died he left to his widow, for her life, the family estate of "Crowsnest," to which he had only just succeeded. I found by the railway guide that if I changed my dress with speed there was time to catch the last train that night from Paris. By noon next day I should reach Dashabire, in which county Crowsnest is situated.

"Justine," I cried, excitedly, "bring me my travelling dress. You must go with me to-night to England."

"Mon bien, mademoiselle! Would you take off that ravishing dress that suits you to such marvel? Would you give up the ball?"

Once more I looked at my reflection in the glass. Once more I saw the lovely bouquet, suitable to study its contents. At 9 o'clock next morning there was another train.....Meditatively I raised the bouquet to my face. Who had sent it safe? The perfume was rich and lovely! The sweet perfume of the flowers permeated my senses. Who had sent them? Curiosity prevailed. I would wait till the evening, go to the ball, and solve the mystery. Sir Charles and Lady C— were waiting for me when I descended the stairs. I did not say anything about the telegram; we entered the carriage and were driven to the Embassy.

The ball was brilliant in the extreme, and I felt completely intoxicated by the adulation I received. "La jolie Anglaise!" "The new debutante!" was on everybody's lips. The night was half over before I even remembered the farewell note of my lieferend departure for England—namely, to discover the sender of the flowers.

"Of what were you thinking so profoundly, Miss Northcote?" asked a gentleman, in a way that made me start. The speaker was Mr. Weston. He had been introduced to me a few days before at my guardian's house.

"I was thinking of the sender of this lovely bouquet, and wondering who he is. See, my bouquet was quite gone—not a white rose," I answered, holding the flowers toward him.

"I hope you were thinking kindly of the donor."

"Indeed I was."

"Thank you. Will you always so think of him—of me?"

My surprise was too great to frame an immediate reply. Besides, his manner embarrassed me. It interfered so much more than the mere words. I danced with him more frequently than with any one else, and found a new and strange attraction in his presence. On returning from the ball I told my kind host and hostess of the change in my determination to start for England on the morrow.

Lady C— looked grave when she read the message.

"You might have saved a few hours, dear," she said.

"Only a very few. And then I should have missed the delightful experience of all my life," I answered fervently.

"But it was a care of life and death, my child," she added gently. And I felt she had guessed part of my thoughts.

My trunks were soon packed by Justine, who accompanied me to England. Sir Charles C— as my legal guardian, also insisted on going with me, and late on the following night we were driving through the moonless darkness of country to Crowsnest. A stately housekeeper met us in the hall.

"Miss Northcote, you come too late," and she turned away. I caught a peculiar look on her face, which perplexed as much as it annoyed me. My belongings were promptly removed into the coveted room, my maid, Justine, occupying a small dressing-room adjoining, but to which there was no through communication. The first night of my taking possession of my new quarters was close and oppressive, and I remained waking to find the scent of the cedar-wood slightly overpowering. About midnight I rose; threading my way across the room in the darkness, for the room was almost in total darkness, I opened the nearest window. The next night, before Justine left me, I desired her not to turn the gas quite out. Three nights later I again awoke with a sense of languor and oppression. I did not want to be at the trouble of rising to open the window, but I looked up sleepily. The gas flame in the window gave out a dim light; beyond it a faint moonbeam slanting across the room in which lay the scent of a pear tree that grew outside close to the house. I could trace the shadows of the branches and the leaves, and watched them as they flickered, stirred by the faint wind. Keeping my eyes open in a half-sleepy manner, as I have said, all at once I became conscious of seeing something else besides the gaslight and the moonlight—something that seemed to be between the two. It was faint and indistinct, certainly, but none the less it bore resemblance to a female form. The head appeared resting on the hand, the hair, with a ruddy gleam on it, floated backward on the shoulders. The rest of the figure was lost in darkness. I was sufficiently awake to know that it was no freak of fancy, and yet the figure was altogether so faintly defined and vague in detail that before long I fell asleep and next morning remembered it as a dream only.

The succeeding night, however, I again awoke and on opening my eyes beheld the half-shadowy figure. But this time it was more clearly visible, especially the face, which turned toward me, I saw, to be that of a very beautiful woman. Moreover, to my unspeakable horror and dismay, I discovered in it a resemblance to my stepmother, whom I had seen once, and once only, as this lay dead within her coffin. The sight was the more distressing to me inasmuch as the face wore an expression of mournful sadness combined with one of reproach. Had the spirit of my father's wife returned to earth to upbraid me for not obeying the summons to her dying bed?

A strangely commingled feeling of awe and incredulity possessed me. Of awe, inspired by the apparent presence of a being from another world; of incredulity, that such a visitation could be possible. In vain I closed my eyes, pressing my hands upon them to wipe out, as it were, the sight. Whenever I opened them I saw the beautiful, reproachful face, and it was not until the early summer morning dawned that it entirely disappeared, and I rose from my bed sad at heart and worn in body with the weary vigil of the night. Twice more the visitation came; after that for two or three weeks the visits ceased; then they were once more resumed. Before I had been two months at Crowsnest, all my vaunted courage fled; my entire nature underwent a change. Though I spoke of what I had seen to no one, I was, nevertheless, sensitively conscious that Mrs. Stevens assumed something of the same with me. I was even morbidly fearful that she had suspicion of the cause. I was convinced of this one morning when she said—not by any means unkindly:

"Justine tells me you have not been sleeping well, Miss Northcote. Indeed I am concerned to see how ill you look. Do you find the cedar chamber comfortable?"

"Perfectly comfortable, delightful! I would not change it for the world," I replied, evasively.

"Comfortable," and with that haunting presence? Heaven forgive me for the subterfuge! As to Justine, she was continually urging me to quit what she termed "ce villain pays," attributing my depression to the climate, to the dull life I led, to anything rather than to the true cause. But at length her persistency added to beseeching letters from my guardian, prevailed, and I returned to Paris.

There I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Weston. It was impossible to be blind to his feelings, his intentions. Every word and look told me that he loved me, and the day came when he asked me to be his wife. To his evident surprise, and to my own inexpressible sorrow, I refused to marry him. Could I join my life—a haunted life—to that of the man I loved with all my soul? True, I had had no visitation from the beautiful, reproachful face since I left Crowsnest; but might it not return at any time, at any hour? Or why might not my life be the one to blight upon my life? Why did she haunt me? Was it such a heinous crime not to have gone in time to see her die?

Suddenly I became possessed with a strange longing to revisit Crowsnest, to see again the weird apparition that had exorcised so subtle an influence on my life. With the persistent waywardness of a spoilt child I insisted on going to Crowsnest. I insisted also that no one but Justine should accompany me. My indulgent guardian yielded to my wishes, and I went. But not once during my month's visit did I see the ha